TV COMIC
annual

King Arthur and his brave army are about to do battle with that vicious Viking, 'Orrible Olaf. To see what happens, turn to the inside back cover.

TV COMIC ANNUAL

CONTENTS

HUMOUR

Beetle Bailey	18–19, 39, 73, 78, 83
Mighty Moth	16, 38, 48, 74–75, 80, 82, 92
Pick of the Jokes	23, 30
Popeye	9, 33, 81, 93
Diddymen	10–11, 46–47, 88–89
Mad Movies	24–25, 34–35, 42–43
TV Terrors	22, 32, 36–37, 40, 79
Arthur	66–67, 76–77
Laurel & Hardy	12–13, 72, 90–91
Basil Brush	20–21, 41, 63, 84–85
Boz	17

ADVENTURE

Dr. Who	5–8, 68–71
Orlando	26–29
Charge of the Light Brigade	55–62
Skippy	49–54

PUZZLES & GAMES

How	14–15, 86–87
Puzzle Pages	31, 64–65
Game	44–45

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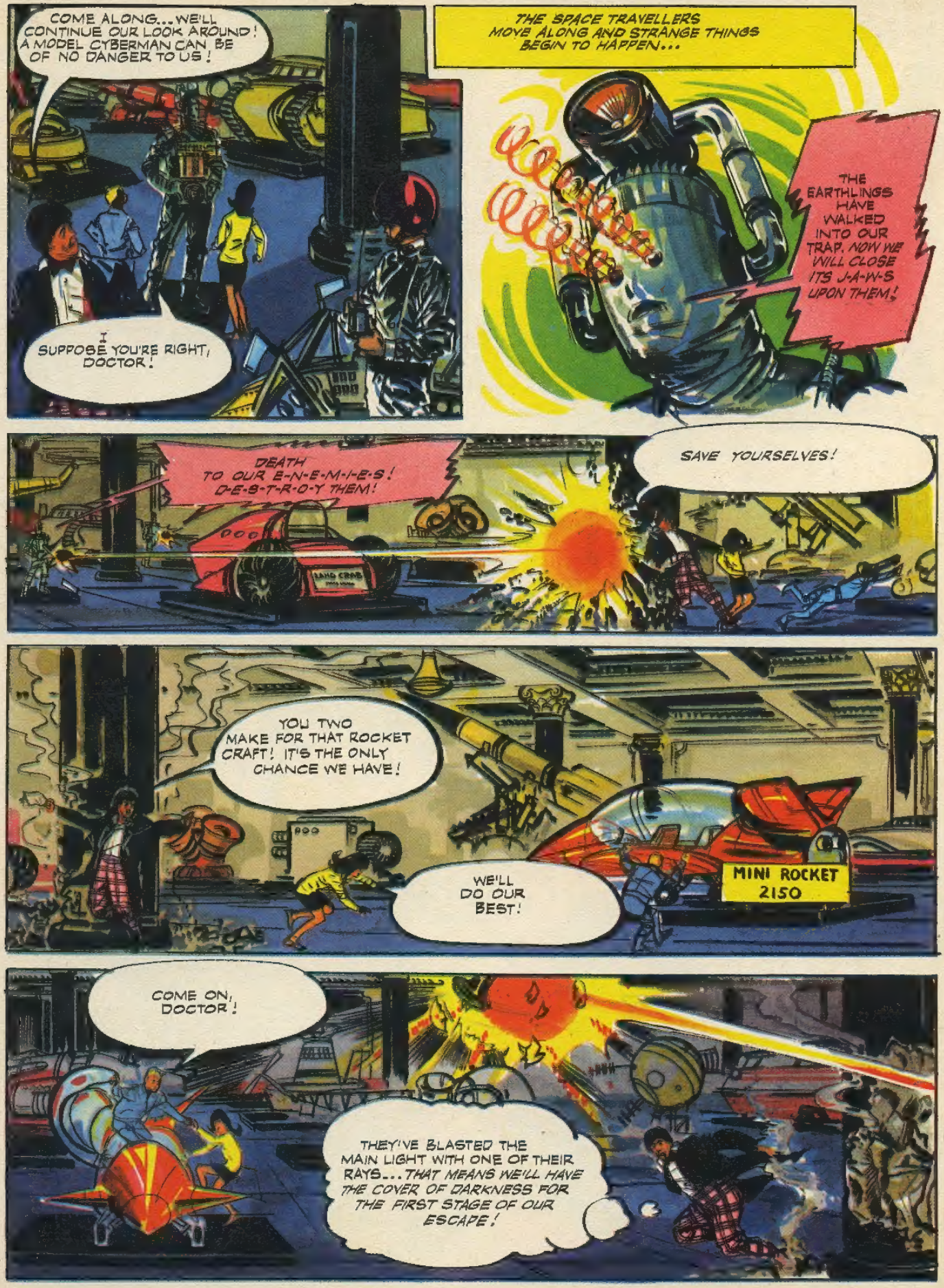
Dr. WHO
THE TARDIS WHIRLS THROUGH TIME AND SPACE HEADING FOR AN UNKNOWN RENDEZVOUS WITH ADVENTURE...
WE'VE MATERIALISED IN THE RUINS OF AN OLD CITY! LET'S TAKE A SCOUT ROUND!
THIS LOOKS INTERESTING!
SO THE SPACE TRAVELLERS ENTER AND TO THEIR SURPRISE FIND THEMSELVES IN A TIME MUSEUM...
A LITTLE LATER...
WHAT HAVE WE HERE?.. IT APPEARS TO BE THE BACK DOOR TO A LARGE BUILDING!
"RAY CANNON" USED IN FIRST GEN. UNIVERSE WAR
BY THE PLANETS! WE'VE UNCOVERED A MUSEUM CONTAINING EXHIBITS FROM ALL PARTS OF HISTORY!
HOW EXCITING!
HE! HE! THIS IS THE QUAINT OLD DEVICE THE AMERICANS USED TO ORBIT THE EARTH WITH WAY BACK IN 1968.
THEN SOMETHING SENDS A COLD CHILL OF FEAR SHOOTING DOWN THE SPACE TRAVELLERS' SPINES...
OH, NO!.. NOT ONE OF THEM!
IS IT ALIVE OR DEAD?
IT APPEARS TO BE A MODEL... WHAT A HIDEOUS THING IT IS!
I THOUGHT WE'D SEEN THE LAST OF THEM!
DEADLY CYBERMAN KNOWN THROUGHOUT SPACE HISTORY

© BBC tv 1968


COME ALONG... WE'LL CONTINUE OUR LOOK AROUND! A MODEL CYBERMAN CAN BE OF NO DANGER TO US!
I SUPPOSE YOU'RE RIGHT, DOCTOR!
THE SPACE TRAVELLERS MOVE ALONG AND STRANGE THINGS BEGIN TO HAPPEN...
THE EARTHLINGS HAVE WALKED INTO OUR TRAP. NOW WE WILL CLOSE ITS J-A-W-S UPON THEM!
DEATH TO OUR E-N-E-M-I-E-S! O-E-S-T-R-O-Y THEM!
SAVE YOURSELVES!
YOU TWO MAKE FOR THAT ROCKET CRAFT! IT'S THE ONLY CHANCE WE HAVE!
WE'LL DO OUR BEST!
MINI ROCKET 2150
COME ON, DOCTOR!
THEY'VE BLASTED THE MAIN LIGHT WITH ONE OF THEIR RAYS... THAT MEANS WE'LL HAVE THE COVER OF DARKNESS FOR THE FIRST STAGE OF OUR ESCAPE!

IT IS DIFFICULT TO AIM... THE DARKNESS DOES NOT HELP!
THEY CANNOT FLY FAR IN THEIR TINY CRAFT... THE MUSEUM WILL CONTAIN THEM!
THE WALLS ARE SOLID... I CAN SEE NO WAY OUT!
A BIT OF SPEED MAY CONFUSE THEM!
THEY BLASTED THE CEILING... ONE OF THEM HAS BEEN HIT BY A CHUNK OF CONCRETE!
AH!
I'M GETTING THE HANG OF THIS THING NOW... THAT'S FIXED THE OTHER ONE!
WHOOSH!
AAH! WE'RE GOING DOWN... OUR STABLISING GEAR HAS BEEN DAMAGED BY A RAY!
CRACK!
D-I-R-E-C-T HIT!... THEY WILL C-R-A-S-H!
OOH!
UH!
WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?.. THAT LAST CYBERMAN WILL BE COMING THIS WAY!
DOCTOR!... THE CYBERMAN!
MIDDLE AGES EXHIBITION
IT'S LUCKY WE ONLY HAD ABOUT SIX FEET TO FALL! THINGS MIGHT WELL HAVE BEEN MORE SERIOUS!
CROSS BOW
CROSSBOWS!

THAT WAS QUICK THINKING... AND WHAT A SHOT!
AAR!

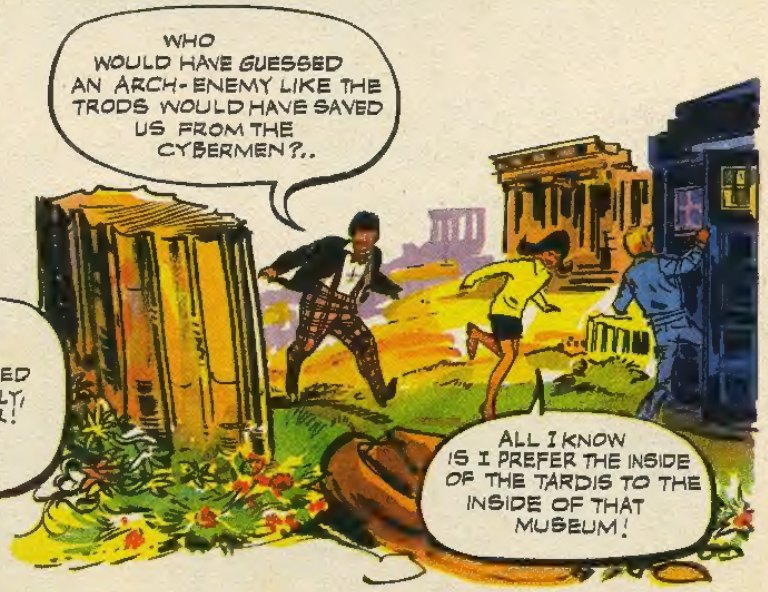
I'LL KICK HIS GUN OUT OF REACH... LET'S HOPE HIS ALERT DOESN'T BRING MORE CYBERMEN DOWN ON US!
A-L-E-R-T!
A-L-E-R-T!
A-L-E-R-T!
KICK!

WHEN THE SPACE TRAVELLERS REACH THE DOOR BY WHICH THEY ENTERED THE MUSEUM THEY ARE IN FOR A TERRIFYING SURPRISE...
CYBERMEN!.. OUR ONLY EXIT IS BLOCKED!
THERE'S NO ESCAPE, DOCTOR!

BUT THE DOCTOR MAKES A LUCKY DISCOVERY...
THESE MODEL TRODS ARE HOLLOW INSIDE... GET INTO ONE OF THEM EACH OF YOU!
QUICKLY, GILLIAN!
TRODS
SPACE WAR MONGER FOR GENERATIONS

SO WHEN THE CYBERMEN ENTER...
SEARCH THE MUSEUM FOR OUR ENEMIES---THEY ARE HERE SOMEWHERE! WE RECEIVED AN ALERT!
WHEN THEY GET DEEPER INTO THE MUSEUM, THE THREE OF US WILL BE ABLE TO ESCAPE OUTSIDE TO THE TARDIS!

MINUTES LATER, WHILE THE CYBERMEN ARE AT THE FAR END OF THE MUSEUM, THE SPACE TRAVELLERS SLIP OUTSIDE...
ALL SPEED! WE'LL REACH THE SAFETY OF THE TARDIS WELL BEFORE THE CYBERMEN REALISE WE'RE NOT INSIDE!
YOUR PLAN WORKED BRILLIANTLY, DOCTOR!


WHO WOULD HAVE GUESSED AN ARCH-ENEMY LIKE THE TRODS WOULD HAVE SAVED US FROM THE CYBERMEN?..
ALL I KNOW IS I PREFER THE INSIDE OF THE TARDIS TO THE INSIDE OF THAT MUSEUM!

POPEYE
N.M.
I'M FROM THE COMPANY WHO SELL SPINACH. TELL THE VIEWERS WHAT SPINACH DOES FOR YOU POPEYE!
ER... WOW! HE'S TALKING TO ME!
WHAT DO I THINK OF SPINACH?-- ER-- WELL-- OH, MY GORSH! TV CAMERAS SCARE ME! I CAN'T THINK WHAT TO SAY!
WELL DO YOUR BEST, POPEYE!
SHOVE OFF, SWAB! I'LL TELL THE VIEWERS ALL ABOUT SPINACH!
AWK!
EVERYONE KNOWS SPINACH IS A WEED AND ALL PEOPLE WHAT EATS IT IS WEEDS TOO...
BRUTUS CAN'T SAY THINGS LIKE THAT, THEY IS A PACK O' LIES!
GARGLE! GARGLE! GARGLE!
I'LL SHOW THE VIEWERS WHAT SPINACH CAN DO!
RASP!
THONK
PEOPLE LIKE BRUTUS WHO DON'T EAT SPINACH IS THE WEEDS!
SO YOU SEE VIEWERS, THAT'S WHAT SPINACH DOES FOR ME!
SAY NO MORE POPEYE, IT LOOKS LIKE SPINACH IS A KNOCKOUT!
HE! HE!
HAW! HAW!

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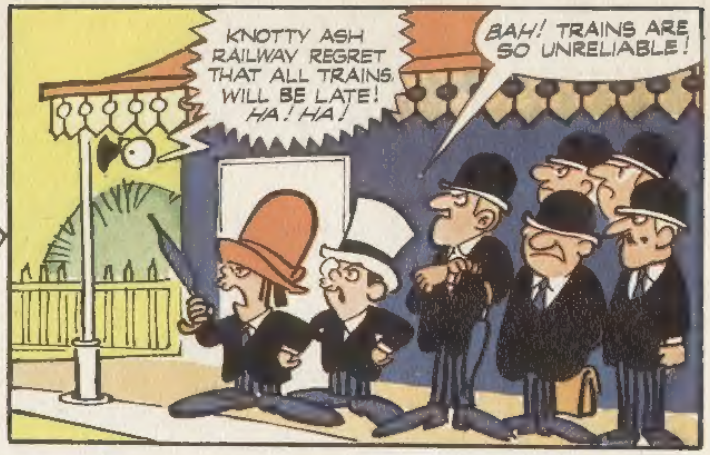
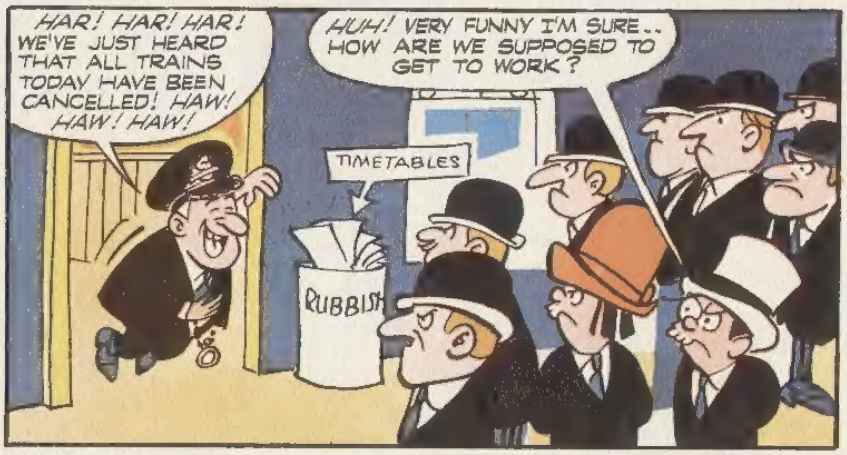
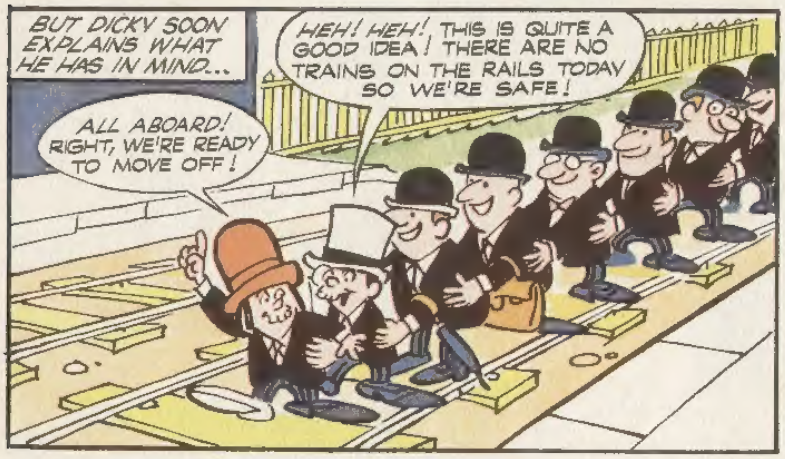
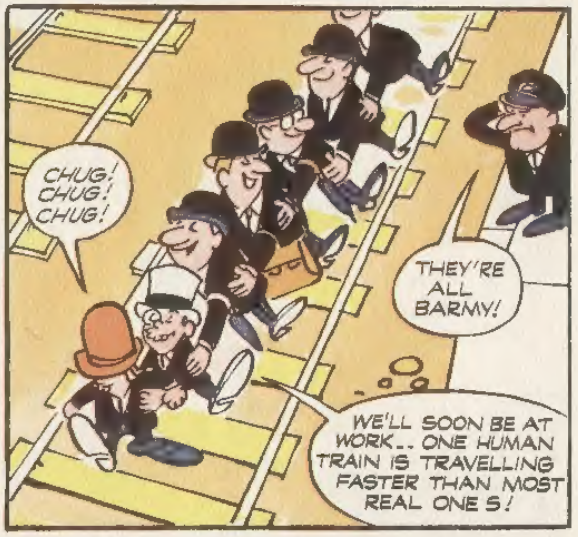
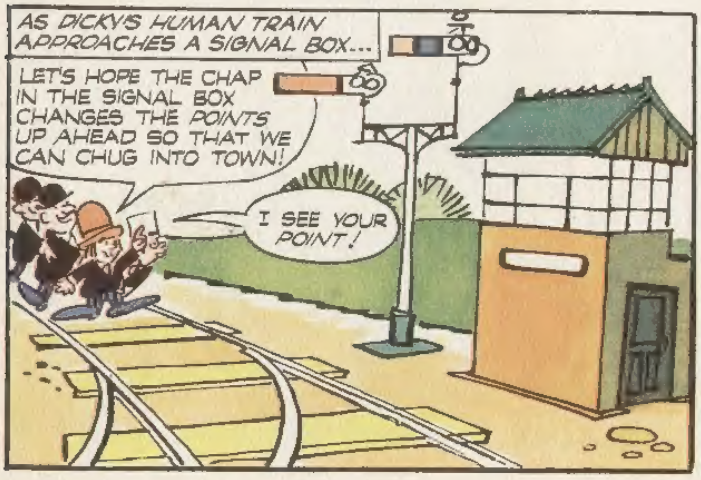
KEN DODD'S DIDDYMEN




HAR! HAR! HAR! WE'VE JUST HEARD THAT ALL TRAINS TODAY HAVE BEEN CANCELLED! HAW! HAW! HAW!
HUH! VERY FUNNY I'M SURE.. HOW ARE WE SUPPOSED TO GET TO WORK?
TIMETABLES
RUBBISH

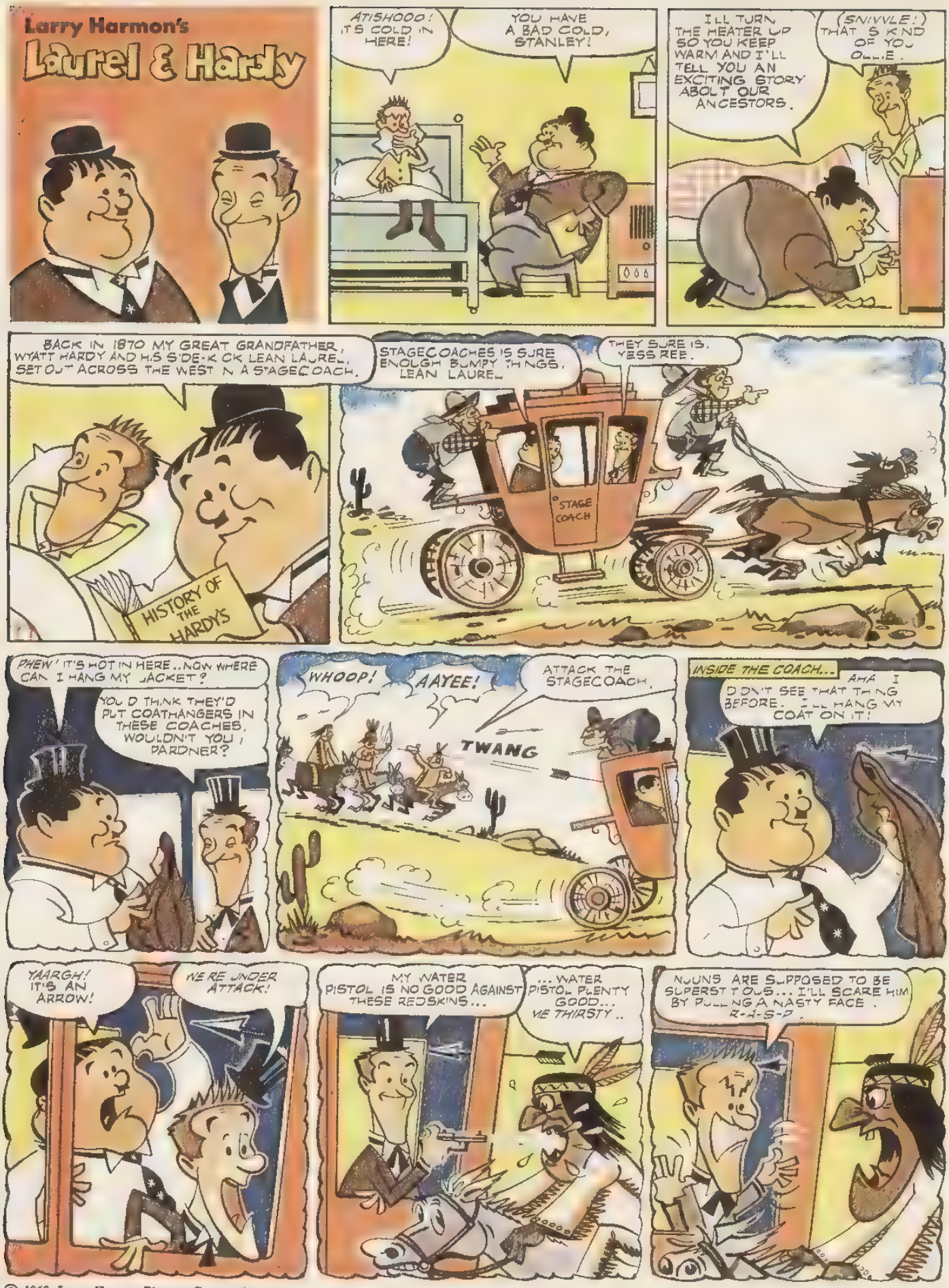

BUT DICKY SOON EXPLAINS WHAT HE HAS IN MIND...
HEH! HEH! THIS IS QUITE A GOOD IDEA! THERE ARE NO TRAINS ON THE RAILS TODAY SO WE'RE SAFE!
ALL ABOARD! RIGHT, WE'RE READY TO MOVE OFF!




AS DICKYS HUMAN TRAIN APPROACHES A SIGNAL BOX...
LET'S HOPE THE CHAP IN THE SIGNAL BOX CHANGES THE POINTS UP AHEAD SO THAT WE CAN CHUG INTO TOWN!
I SEE YOUR POINT!

I'D BETTER PACK THIS JOB IN, I'M GOING CRAZY!
GOOD! THE POINTS HAVE CHANGED.. WE'LL BE AT KNOTTY ASH CENTRAL IN ABOUT TEN MINUTES!
THAT MUST BE THE 8-35 DIDDY EXPRESS!
PHEEP! PHEEP!
PHEEP! PHEEP!
A LITTLE LATER A SIGNAL CHANGES IN FRONT OF DICKY'S TRAIN...
CLONK!
WE MUST SLOW UP AND STOP, LADS! THAT SIGNAL IS TELLING US TO HALT!
WELL I MUST CONGRATULATE YOU DIDDYMEN.. I'VE NEVER HAD SUCH AN ENJOYABLE TRAIN JOURNEY!
HERE! HERE!
I'M THE RESTAURANT CAR... WHAT SAY WE ALL HAVE A CUP OF TEA WHILE WE'RE WAITING?
IF YOU'VE ALL FINISHED YOUR TEA WE'LL GET GOING! THE SIGNAL HAS CHANGED!
SUDDENLY IT STARTS TO RAIN...
OH, DEAR.. THIS'LL DAMPEN THEIR SPIRITS!
SPLUTTER! CHOKE!
WELL WE'VE ARRIVED.. YOU CAN ALL GO OFF TO YOUR OFFICES NOW!
KNOTTY ASH CENTRAL
ALL THE COMMUTERS GO TO THEIR OFFICES, BUT TEN MINUTES LATER...
ALL TRAINS WILL BE SLOW AND LATE! YUK! YUK! YUK!
SNIVVEL! WE'LL USE THE ORDINARY TRAINS IN FUTURE, WE'D RATHER BE LATE THAN ILL! SNIFF!
HUH! THERE'S GRATITUDE! SNIFF, SNIFF!
KNOTTY ASH CENTRAL
SPLUTTER! THANKS TO YOU OUR BOSSES HAVE SENT US HOME AND WE'LL MISS A DAY'S PAY! COUGH!

Larry Harmon's Laurel & Hardy


ATISHOOO! IT'S COLD IN HERE!
YOU HAVE A BAD COLD, STANLEY!
I'LL TURN THE HEATER UP SO YOU KEEP WARM AND I'LL TELL YOU AN EXCITING STORY ABOUT OUR ANCESTORS.
(SNIVVLE!) THAT'S KIND OF YOU OLLIE.
BACK IN 1870 MY GREAT GRANDFATHER, WYATT HARDY AND HIS SIDE-KICK LEAN LAUREL, SET OUT ACROSS THE WEST IN A STAGECOACH.
HISTORY OF THE HARDYS
STAGECOACHES IS SURE ENOUGH BUMPY THINGS, LEAN LAUREL
THEY SURE IS, YESS REE.
STAGE COACH
PHEW! IT'S HOT IN HERE..NOW WHERE CAN I HANG MY JACKET?
YOU'D THINK THEY'D PUT COATHANGERS IN THESE COACHES, WOULDN'T YOU, PARDNER?
WHOOP!
AAYEE!
ATTACK THE STAGECOACH.
TWANG
INSIDE THE COACH...
AHA I DON'T SEE THAT THING BEFORE. I'LL HANG MY COAT ON IT!
YAARGH! IT'S AN ARROW!
WE'RE UNDER ATTACK!
MY WATER PISTOL IS NO GOOD AGAINST THESE REDSKINS...
...WATER PISTOL PLENTY GOOD... ME THIRSTY..
NOUNS ARE SUPPOSED TO BE SUPERSTITIOUS... I'LL SCARE HIM BY PULLING A NASTY FACE. R-A-S-P.

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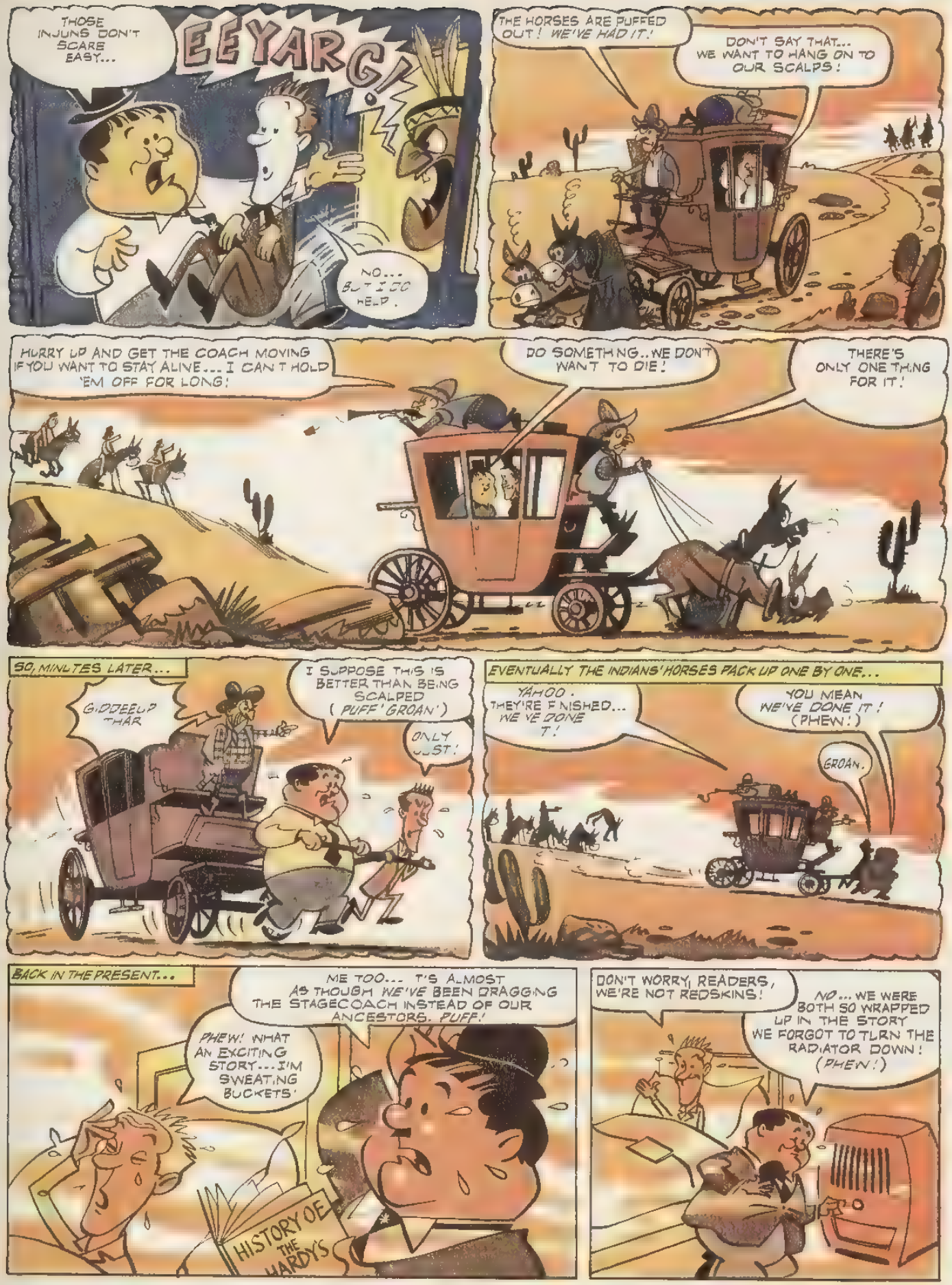
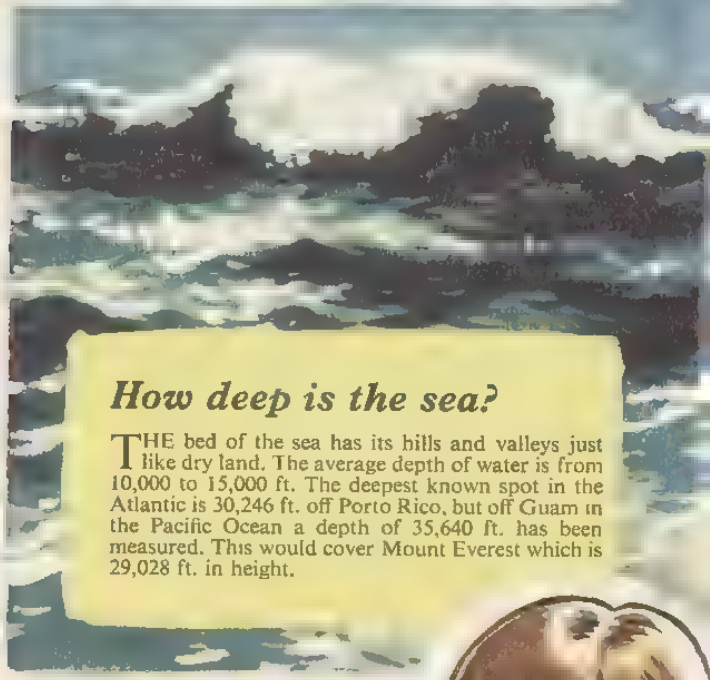

THOSE INJUNS DON'T SCARE EASY...
EEYARG!
NO... BUT I CC HELP.
THE HORSES ARE PUFFED OUT! WE'VE HAD IT!
DON'T SAY THAT... WE WANT TO HANG ON TO OUR SCALPS!
HURRY UP AND GET THE COACH MOVING IF YOU WANT TO STAY ALIVE... I CAN'T HOLD 'EM OFF FOR LONG!
DO SOMETHING.. WE DON'T WANT TO DIE!
THERE'S ONLY ONE THING FOR IT!
SO, MINUTES LATER...
GIDDEEUP THAR
I SUPPOSE THIS IS BETTER THAN BEING SCALPED (PUFF' GROAN')
ONLY JUST!
EVENTUALLY THE INDIANS' HORSES PACK UP ONE BY ONE...
YAHOO. THEY'RE FINISHED... WE'VE DONE IT!
YOU MEAN WE'VE DONE IT! (PHEW!)
GROAN.
BACK IN THE PRESENT...
ME TOO... IT'S ALMOST AS THOUGH WE'VE BEEN DRAGGING THE STAGECOACH INSTEAD OF OUR ANCESTORS. PUFF!
PHEW! WHAT AN EXCITING STORY... I'M SWEATING BUCKETS!
HISTORY OF THE HARDYS
DON'T WORRY, READERS, WE'RE NOT REDSKINS!
NO... WE WERE BOTH SO WRAPPED UP IN THE STORY WE FORGOT TO TURN THE RADIATOR DOWN! (PHEW!)

HOW

How does the Chameleon change its colour?

THE common chameleon has developed a remarkable method of camouflage which enables it to change the colour of its skin to merge with its surroundings. Their colour range extends through black to a blue-green, yellow-green to orange, tan and white. These changes are caused by pigment cells in the lower layers of the skin. When all the pigments are forced close to the surface of the skin the creature takes on a dark colour, and when there is little or no pigment near the surface, the colour of the skin is very light.



How deep is the sea?

THE bed of the sea has its hills and valleys just like dry land. The average depth of water is from 10,000 to 15,000 ft. The deepest known spot in the Atlantic is 30,246 ft. off Porto Rico, but off Guam in the Pacific Ocean a depth of 35,640 ft. has been measured. This would cover Mount Everest which is 29,028 ft. in height.

How tiny seeds turn into flowers

IF the complete answer was known it would be possible to explain the greatest of all mysteries – that of life itself. We do know that every seed contains large numbers of cells, each one of which is capable under the right conditions of turning into some part of a full-grown flower. In the process of growing each cell divides into two parts, both of which become full-grown cells. These two cells divide again into four, then eight and so on until they number the thousands necessary to produce even the smallest flower.

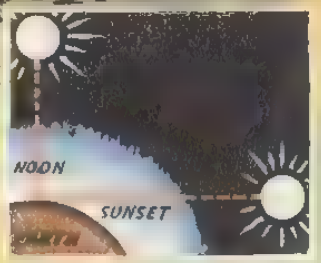
How to smash a pencil with a £1 note

FOLD the note along its length and make a great point of creasing the fold to make a 'sharp cutting edge.' Get someone to hold the pencil (a long one) very tightly by the ends (as shown) thumb on top and fingers beneath. Hold folded note by one end and between thumb and middle finger so that while the first finger appears to be holding the note it is really free to extend when desired. Strike the centre of the pencil with the £1 counting 1, 2 and on the 3rd stroke bring the note down with considerable force and at the same time extend the first finger so as to strike the pencil with the finger on the first joint. The pencil will break in two as though it had been cut. It is the joint of the first finger and inertia that are the secret force.

How to make flowers grow on coal

YOU will need 1 tablespoon Prussian blue powder, 3 tablespoons household ammonia, 3 tablespoons water, some red ink and 2 tablespoons salt.

Stir the mixture together and pour over coal in a dish. Within a few hours the coral-like growth starts to appear and the 'flowers' will be ready in two days and should last for several weeks. One point, though, the mixture should not cover more than ¾ of the coal from the bottom upwards.



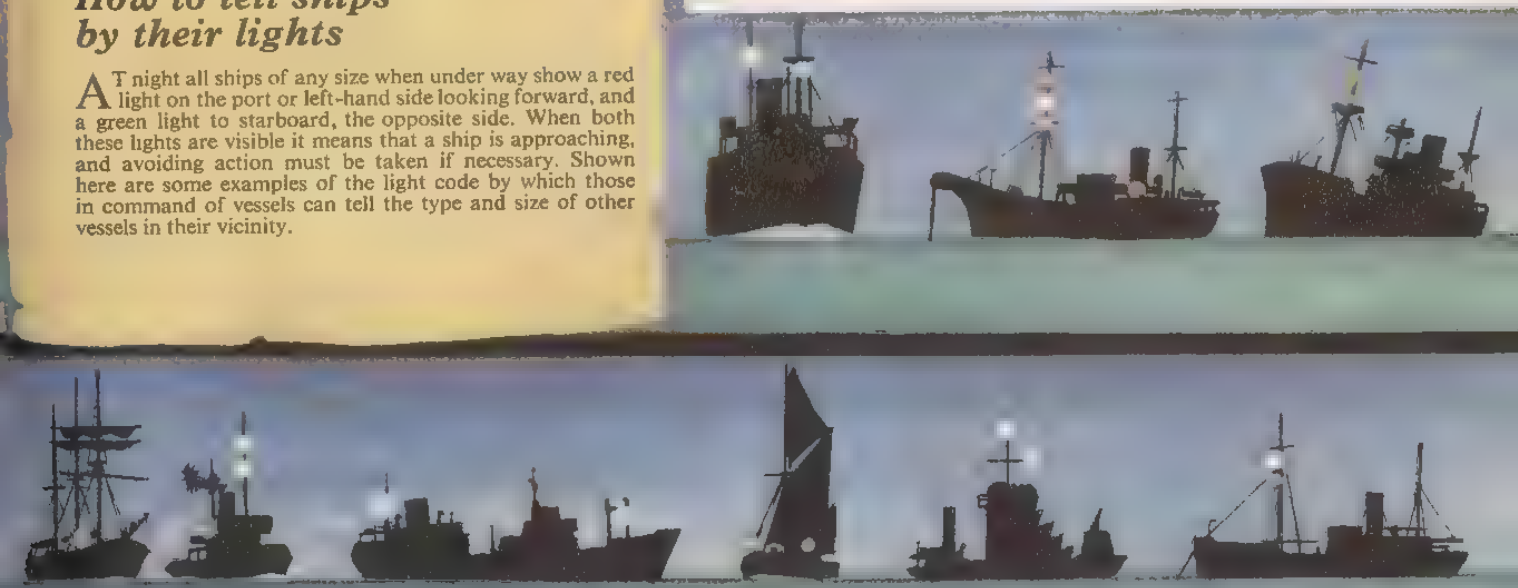
How dust creates colour

WHEN the sun is high in the sky its light shines down through the band of atmosphere which surrounds the earth. When setting, the sun's light has to penetrate through a long layer of air. The diagram at the left (which is not to scale) shows this. The atmosphere is full of dust particles of various sizes each one of which absorbs part of the white light of the sun. It is the light thrown out by these particles that gives the sunset its colours.

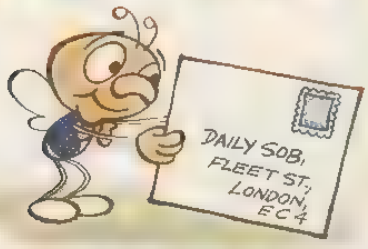
For over a year after the huge volcanic eruption that occurred at Krakatoa in the East Indies wonderful sunsets were seen in all parts of the world. These are attributed to the volcanic dust blown into the upper atmosphere.

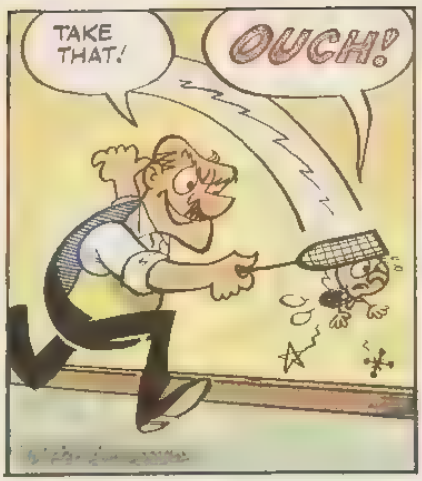
How to tell ships by their lights

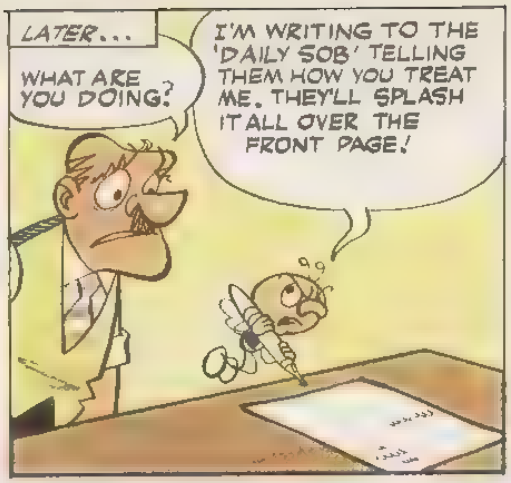
AT night all ships of any size when under way show a red light on the port or left-hand side looking forward, and a green light to starboard, the opposite side. When both these lights are visible it means that a ship is approaching, and avoiding action must be taken if necessary. Shown here are some examples of the light code by which those in command of vessels can tell the type and size of other vessels in their vicinity.



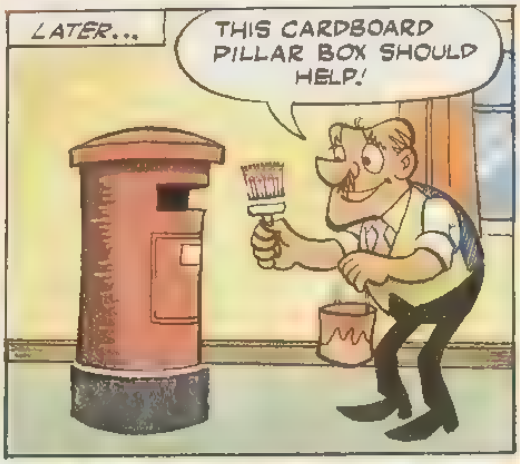
MIGHTY MOTH

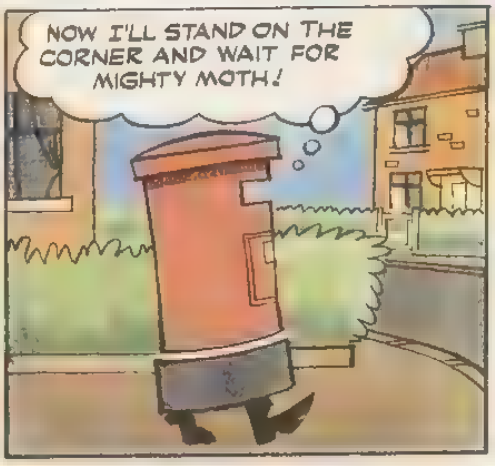

DAILY SOB,
FLEET ST,
LONDON,
EC4

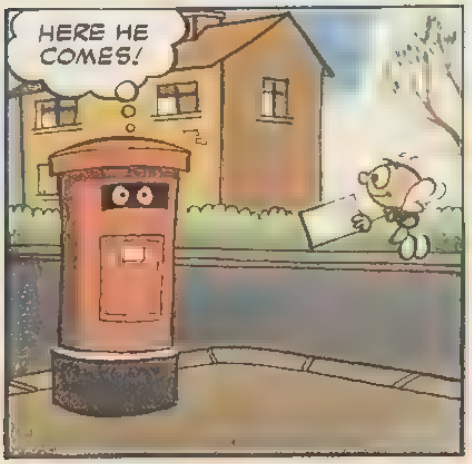

TAKE THAT!
OUCH!

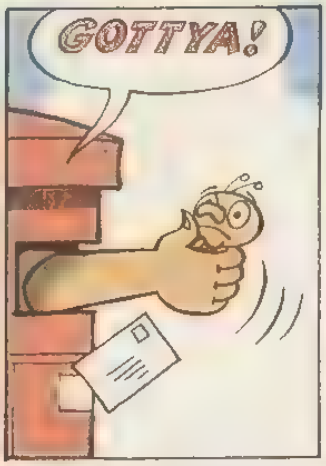

LATER...
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
I'M WRITING TO THE 'DAILY SOB' TELLING THEM HOW YOU TREAT ME. THEY'LL SPLASH IT ALL OVER THE FRONT PAGE!

HE'S RIGHT, THEY WILL! I'VE GOT TO STOP HIM POSTING THAT LETTER!

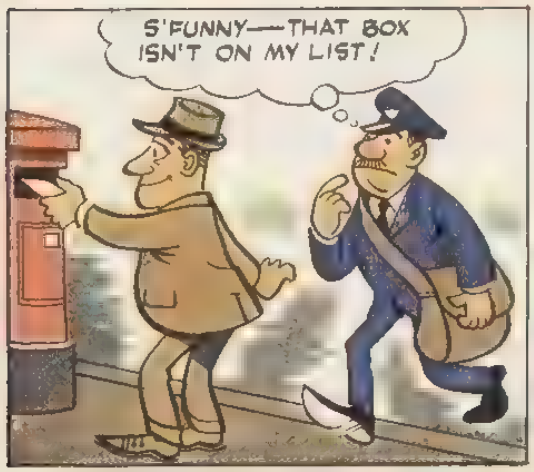

LATER...
THIS CARDBOARD PILLAR BOX SHOULD HELP!


NOW I'LL STAND ON THE CORNER AND WAIT FOR MIGHTY MOTH!

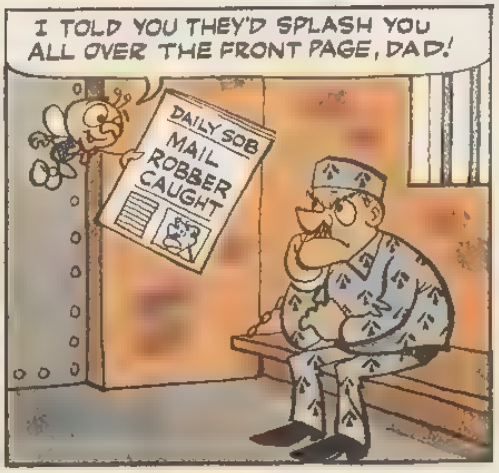

HERE HE COMES!


GOTTYA!

OH, DEAR! HERE'S SOMEBODY ELSE COMING TO POST A LETTER!


S'FUNNY—THAT BOX ISN'T ON MY LIST!

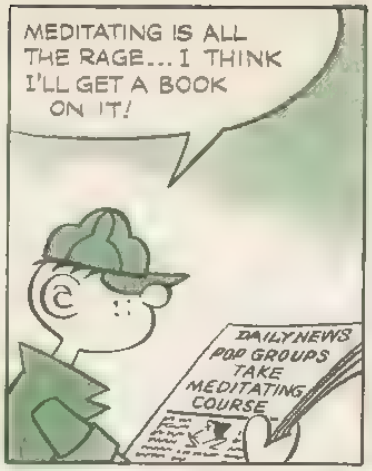
SO! EATING THE ROYAL MAIL, EH?

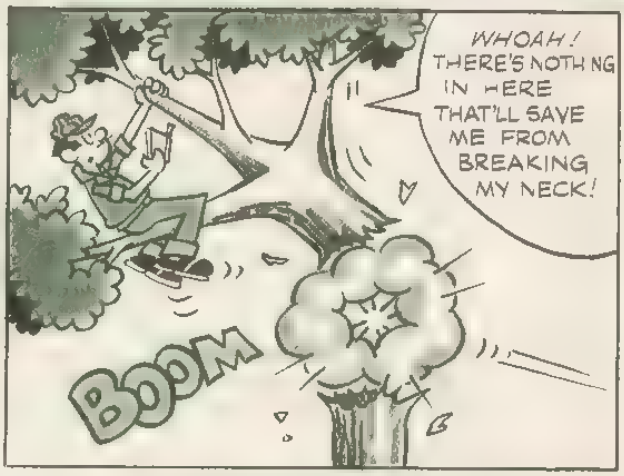

I TOLD YOU THEY'D SPLASH YOU ALL OVER THE FRONT PAGE, DAD!
DAILY SOB
MAIL ROBBER CAUGHT

BOZ

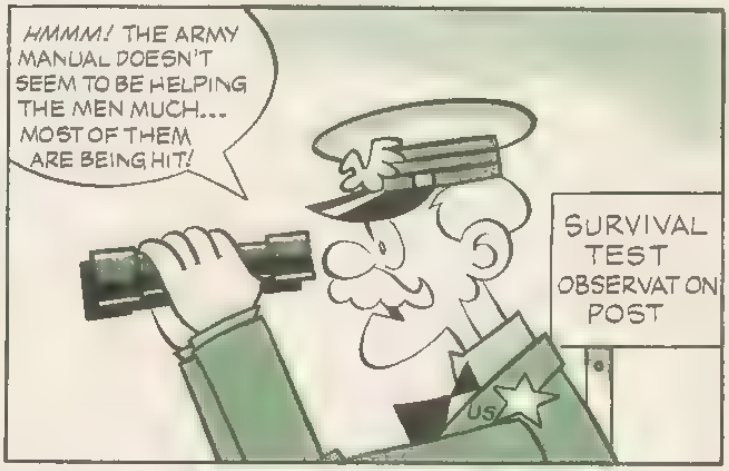
FETCH IT, BOY!
GOOD DOG – HERE'S A CHOCOLATE!
HUNGRY!
FETCH IT AGAIN!
?
SORRY, I'VE RUN OUT OF CHOCOLATES. HAVE A DOG BISCUIT!

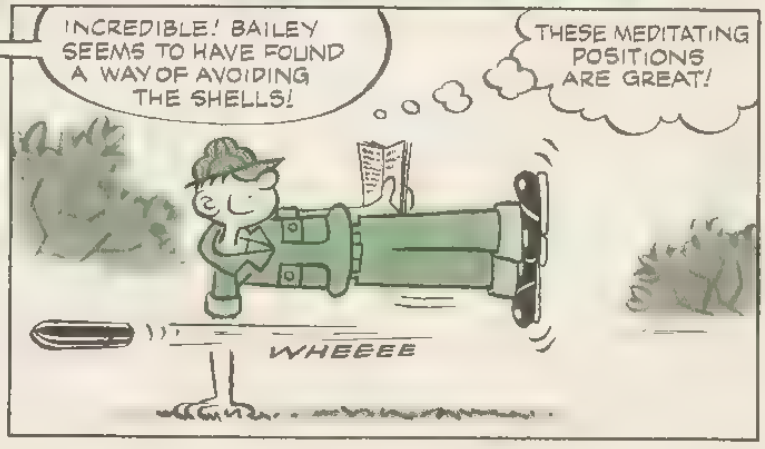
BEETLE BAILEY





YAAARGH! A FAT LOT OF GOOD READING THIS MANUAL HAS DONE ME... IT WOULD HAVE BEEN MORE USEFUL TUCKED DOWN THE SEAT OF MY TROUSERS!
WHEEEE
WHAM





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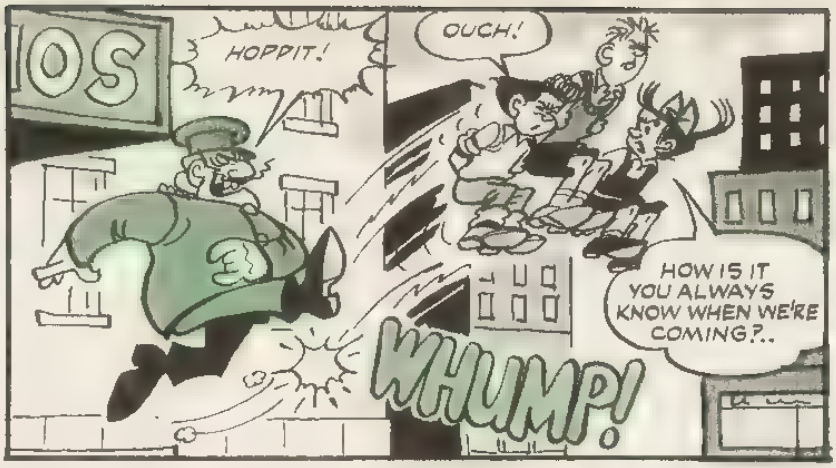
THIS POSE IS CALLED THE SPREAD-EAGLE...
WHEEEE
WHEEEE
WHEEEE
THIS IS THE FAMOUS TRIPLE-JOINTED POSITION!
WHEEEE
THE FACE-ACHE POSTION WHICH I'M ATTEMPTING NOW IS THE MOST DIFFICULT!
WE'VE HAD ENOUGH, SARGE ... THE ARMY MANUAL IS NO GOOD!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN... BAILEY IS DOING FINE WITH IT OUT THERE!
SO... YOU'VE DONE VERY WELL, BAILEY! YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE WHO USED THE ARMY MANUAL PROPERLY TO SAVE YOURSELF FROM GETTING HIT!
EH?
IT WAS THIS BOOK ON MEDITATION THAT SAVED ME ... NOT THE ARMY MANUAL!
INCREDIBLE!
THIS BOOK IS OBVIOUSLY OF GREAT MILITARY VALUE... I'LL HAVE IT ISSUED TO THE MEN AS THE NEW ARMY MANUAL!
ARMY MANUAL
US
THE MEN ARE ALL GIVEN COPIES OF THE NEW MEDITATION MANUAL AND THE NEXT SURVIVAL TEST IS MORE SUCCESSFUL...
BOY! WE MUST BE THE MOST WITH-IT ARMY POST IN THE COUNTRY... MY MEN ARE THE FIRST TO USE MILITARY MEDITATION, THE LATEST METHOD OF DEFENCE!
WHEEEE
WHEEEE
WHEEEE
BANG! BANG!

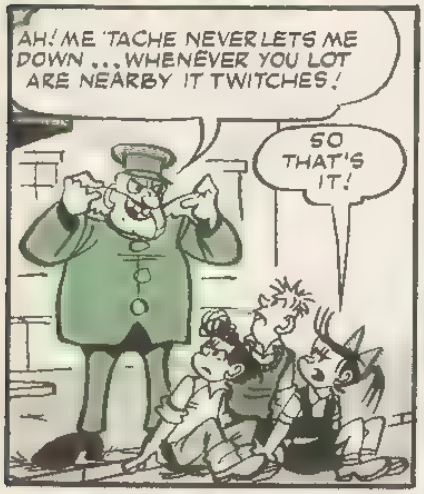
BASIL BRUSH
I'VE BEEN LOOKING FORWARD TO THIS SKI-ING HOLIDAY FOR MONTHS, CHUMMERS...
PREFER SOMEWHERE A BIT WARMER, MESELF, GUV.
PERHAPS WE OUGHT TO 'AVE A FEW LESSONS FIRST MASTER BAS-?
SKI-ING LESSONS? NONSENSE CHUMMERS! IT'S JUST A QUESTION OF COMMON SENSE!..
...AFTER ALL, CHUMLEY! ONE ONLY NEEDS TO KNOW HOW TO JOLLY WELL START AND STOP, DOESN'T ONE?
ERRRRRR.. GUV?
MASTER BAS-... STOP.
GREAT SLIPPERY SNOWSHOES! STOP HE SAYS! THAT'S SOMETHING I FORGOT TO LEARN!
WHOOPS! SORRY TO BREAK-UP THE JOLLY OLD PARTY, BUT I SEEM TO BE IN A RUSH...
MASTER BASIL... WAIT!
THE FAST SLOPE. MIND OUT!
WATCH OUT CHAPS! I DON'T KNOW HOW TO REVERSE ON THESE JOLLY OLD SKIS.
RACE STARTING POINT
GREAT BLINDING BLIZZARDS! IT'S SNOWING SO THICKLY, I CAN'T SEE A DASHED THING.
OI: WATCH WHERE YOU'RE GOIN'!
4
13

WHAT A STUPID PLACE TO LEAVE A LINE OF WASHING. OH, DEAR. I WISH I'D STAYED AT HOME!
STOP HIM HEY YOU. CAREFUL!
LOOK AT THAT FELLA. SHOULDN'T BE ALLOWED ON SKIS. PEOPLE LIKE THAT ARE A DANGER TO EVERYONE ELSE.
GREAT ANCIENT AVIATORS! I'M FLYING... OOOOOOO.
HOORAY. HERE HE COMES! THE WINNER.
BUT... THIS IS FOR YOU.
IT'S NOT A DRINK I'LL NEED OLD CHAPPIE... IT'S AN AMBULANCE!
JUDGE
FANTASTISCH!
GREAT LUMBERING LOG-CABINS. I'M GOING TO HIT THAT BUILDING, OOOOOOO!
ACHTUNG!
MENSCH!
DONNERWETTER!
WHOOOOSH
BUT
YOU'VE WON, GUV YOU'VE WON
LATER...
WHAT YOU MIGHT CALL, AN H'EVENTFUL DAY, GUV'
YES, CHUMMERS. I MUST BE THE FIRST BEGINNER TO SET UP A NEW WORLD RECORD! HAW-HAW-HAW!

TV TERRORS

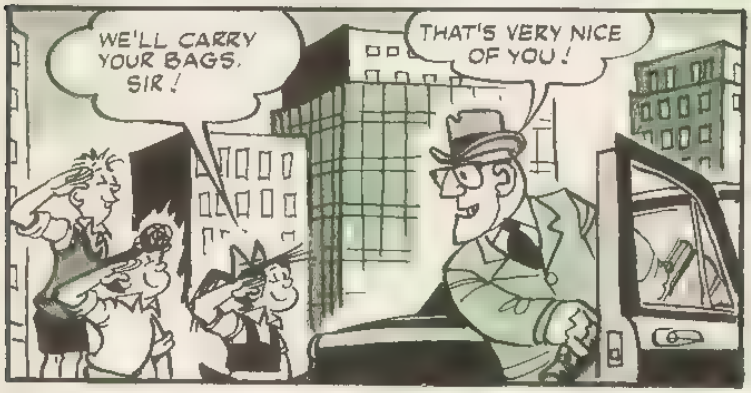
ME MOUSTACHE IS A GREAT WARNING DEVICE! IT ALWAYS TWITCHES WHEN THE TERRORS ARE APPROACHING!


HOPPIT!
OUCH!
HOW IS IT YOU ALWAYS KNOW WHEN WE'RE COMING?..
WHUMP!


AH! ME 'TACHE NEVER LETS ME DOWN ... WHENEVER YOU LOT ARE NEARBY IT TWITCHES!
SO THAT'S IT!

LET'S TEST YOUR MOUSTACHE, HOPPIT! I'LL BLINDFOLD YOU AND WE'LL TRY TO SNEAK PAST!
YOU'LL NEVER DO IT! HEH! HEH! BUT YOU'RE WELCOME TO TRY!

OKAY, TERRORS.. TRY AND GET PAST ME!
NOW 'S OUR CHANCE TO GET HOPPIT IN TROUBLE ..HERE COMES THE TV PRODUCER!


WE'LL CARRY YOUR BAGS, SIR!
THAT'S VERY NICE OF YOU!

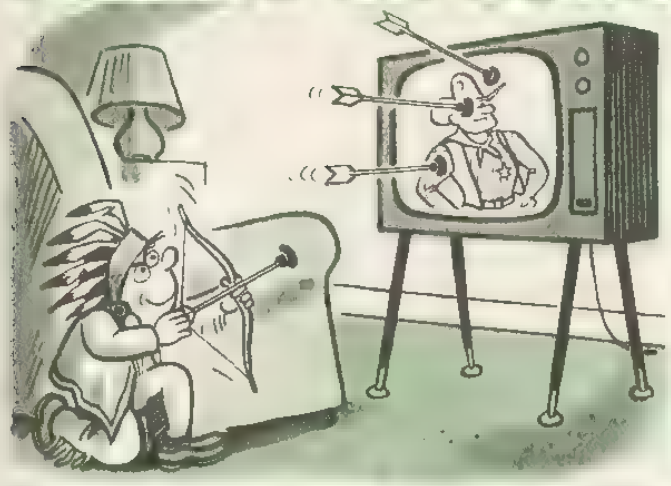
ME 'TACHE IS TWITCHING ... THE TERRORS ARE CLOSE!
EH?
SNIGGER!
SNIGGER!

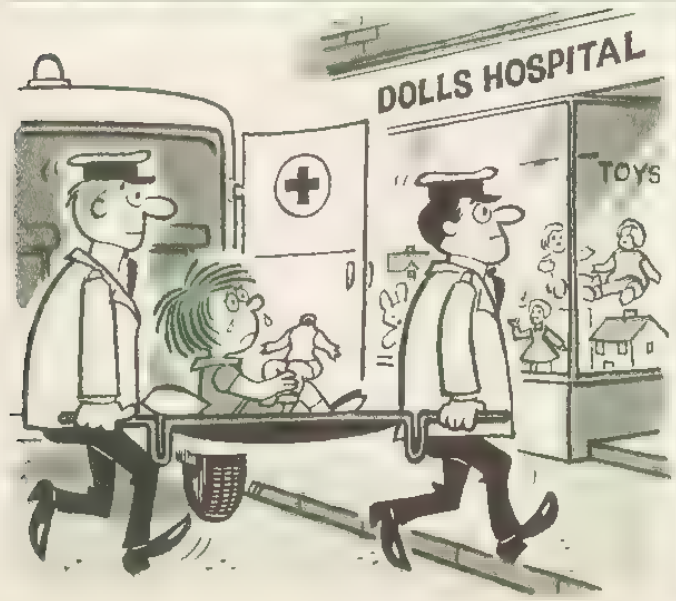
GOTCHA, TERRORS!
NEAARGH!
WOW!
BOP!

WOW! I'VE BOOTED THE PRODUCER BY MISTAKE!
GRR! YOU'RE FOR IT!

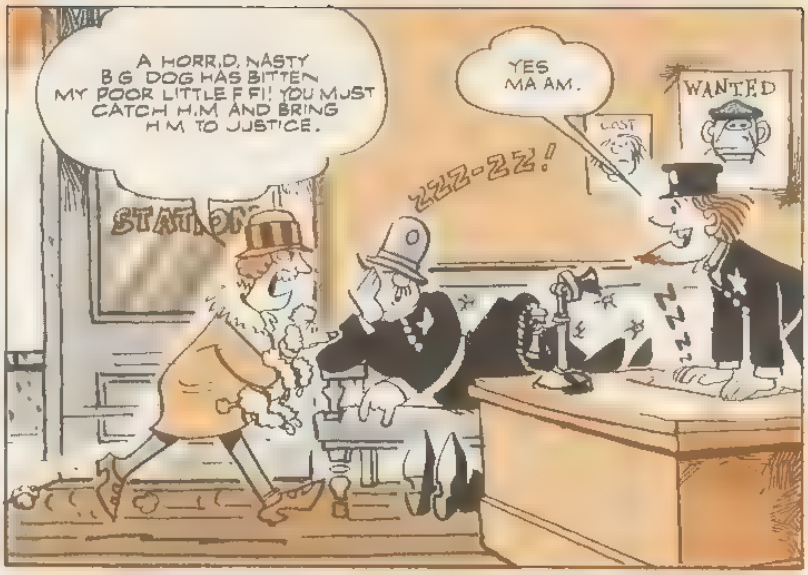
WHOMP!
AWK!
YOUR MOUSTACHE LET YOU DOWN BADLY THAT TIME, HOPPIT!
THUD!

PICK of the JOKES

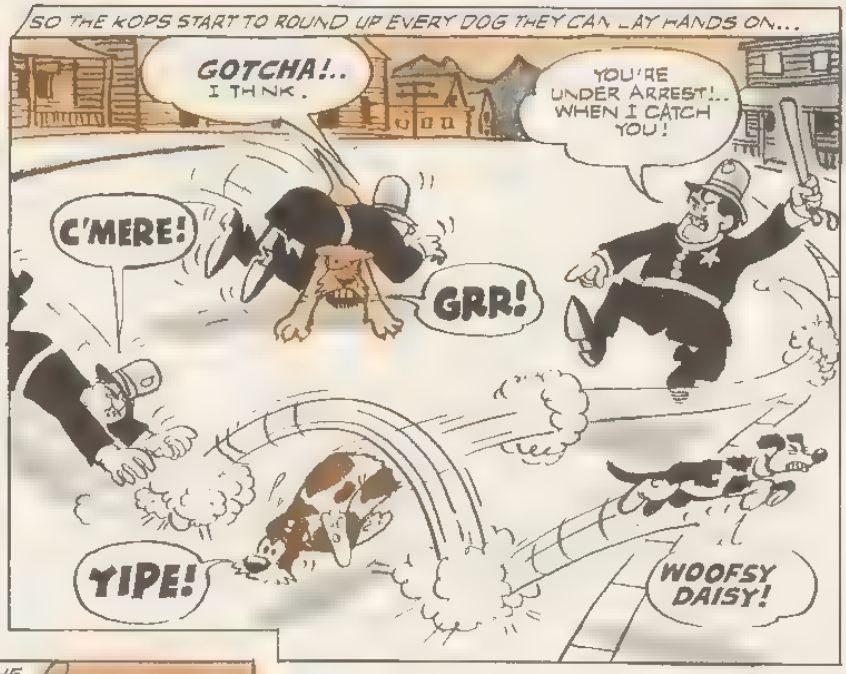


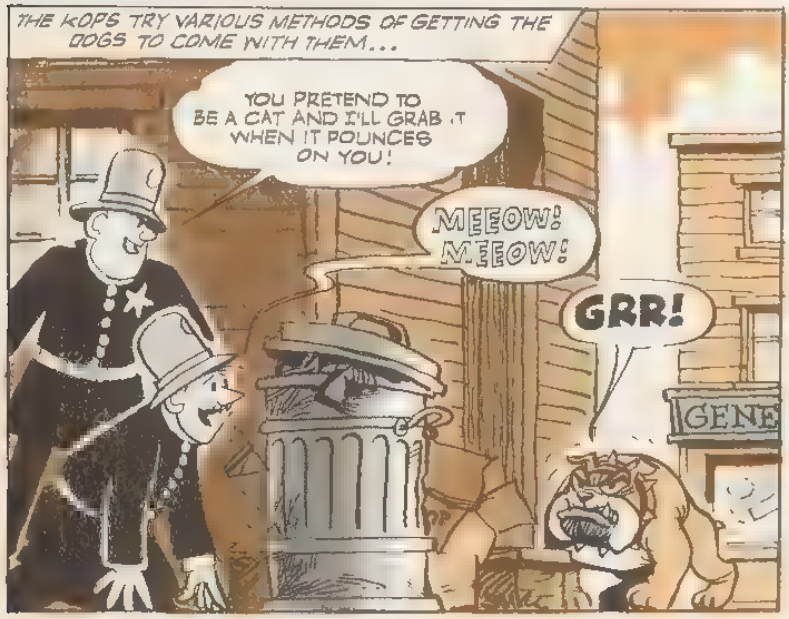


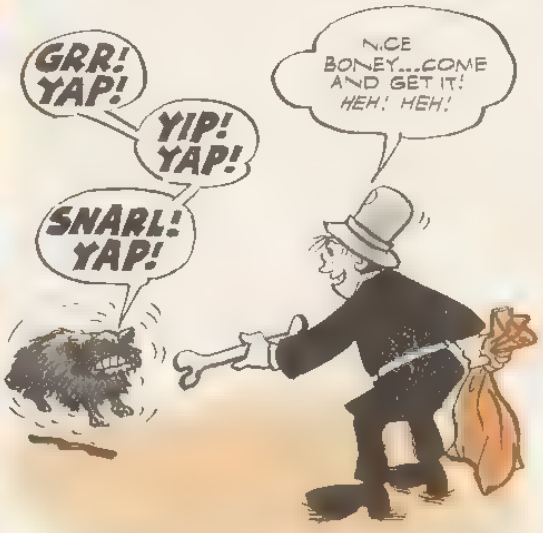
Bob Monkhouse's MAD MOVIES featuring the KEYSTONE KOPS


A HORR.D, NASTY B G DOG HAS BITTEN MY POOR LITTLE F FI! YOU MUST CATCH H.M AND BRING H M TO JUSTICE.
YES MA AM.
WANTED
LOST
STATION
ZZZ-ZZ!
ZZ Z!

SO CHIEFY CALLS OUT HIS KOPS...
I WANT YOU TO BRING IN A VICIOUS HOUND..HE'S BIG AND FIERCE, THAT'S ALL I KNOW ABOUT HIM! NOW GO FETCH!
YES, CHIEFY... BUT THAT'S NOT MUCH OF A DESCR PTION TO GO ON!


SO THE KOPS START TO ROUND UP EVERY DOG THEY CAN LAY HANDS ON...
GOTCHA!.. I TH NK.
YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!.. WHEN I CATCH YOU!
C'MERE!
GRR!
YIPE!
WOOFSY DAISY!


THE KOPS TRY VARIOUS METHODS OF GETTING THE DOGS TO COME WITH THEM...
YOU PRETEND TO BE A CAT AND I'LL GRAB .T WHEN IT POUNCES ON YOU!
MEEOW! MEEOW!
GRR!
GENE



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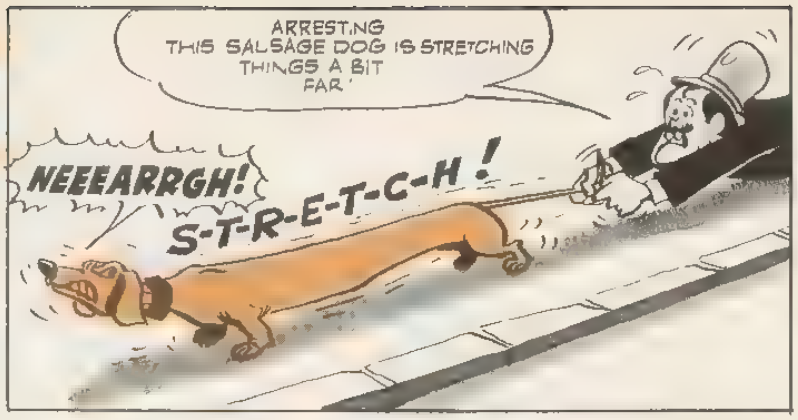
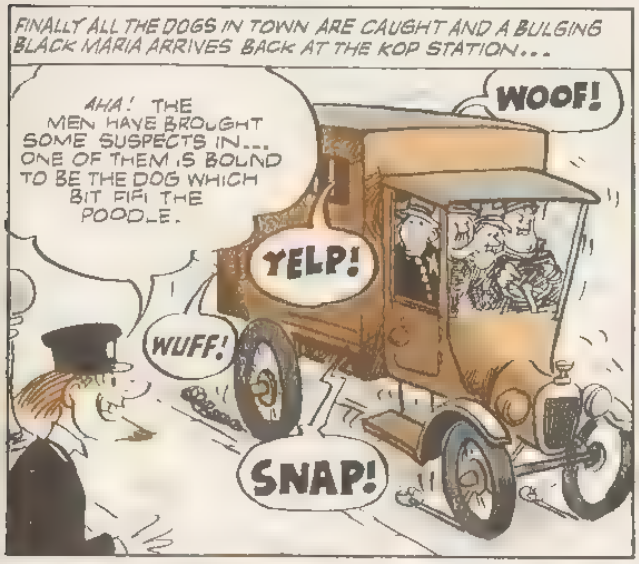
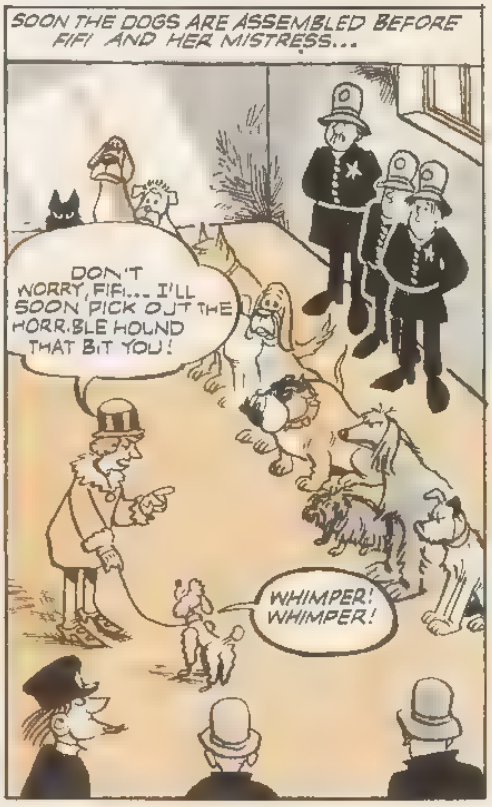
EEYAH! I'M NOT SURE WHO'S ARRESTING WHO
GRARR!

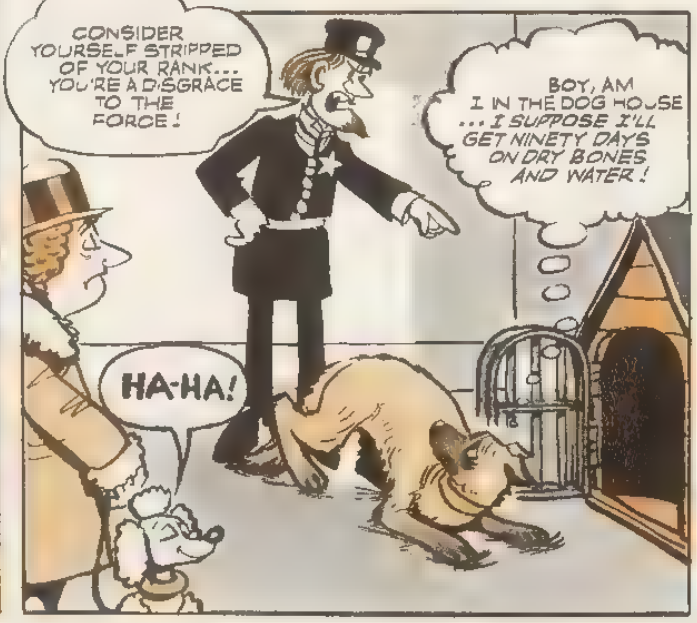

ARRESTING THIS SAUSAGE DOG IS STRETCHING THINGS A BIT FAR!
NEEEARRGH!
S-T-R-E-T-C-H!

LINE 'EM UP INSIDE FOR AN IDENTIFICATION PARADE, MEN.


FINALLY ALL THE DOGS IN TOWN ARE CAUGHT AND A BULGING BLACK MARIA ARRIVES BACK AT THE KOP STATION...
AHA! THE MEN HAVE BROUGHT SOME SUSPECTS IN... ONE OF THEM IS BOUND TO BE THE DOG WHICH BIT FIFI THE POODLE.
WOOF!
YELP!
WUFF!
SNAP!


SOON THE DOGS ARE ASSEMBLED BEFORE FIFI AND HER MISTRESS...
DON'T WORRY, FIFI... I'LL SOON PICK OUT THE HORRIBLE HOUND THAT BIT YOU!
WHIMPER! WHIMPER!

THAT'S THE ONE!
OH, NO... THAT'S OUR POLICE DOG.
GULP!
YAP! YIP!


CONSIDER YOURSELF STRIPPED OF YOUR RANK... YOU'RE A DISGRACE TO THE FORCE!
BOY, AM I IN THE DOG HOUSE ... I SUPPOSE I'LL GET NINETY DAYS ON DRY BONES AND WATER!
HA-HA!

ORLANDO

CAPTAIN BERT HIGGINS WAS A REAL COCKNEY AND AN OLD FRIEND OF STEVE AND ORLANDO. HE WAS PLANNING TO SAIL TO HONG KONG WITH AN ARMS SHIPMENT FOR THE BRITISH GARRISON THERE — BUT HIS OFFICERS WEREN'T SO KEEN..

WHAT'S UP, BERT?.. WHERE ARE YOUR OFFICERS GOING?
THEY DON'T FANCY SAILING THROUGH THE CHINA SEAS WITH AN ARMS SHIPMENT. THERE ARE REPORTS OF CHINESE PIRATES IN THE AREA AND IT'S MADE 'EM NERVOUS!

STEVE AND I CAN DO THE JOB OF A FEW OFFICERS AND WE DON'T MIND A BIT OF ACTION... WHY NOT LET US COME ALONG?
THAT'S RIGHT CHUMMY OF YER BOTH, ME OLD CHINAS!

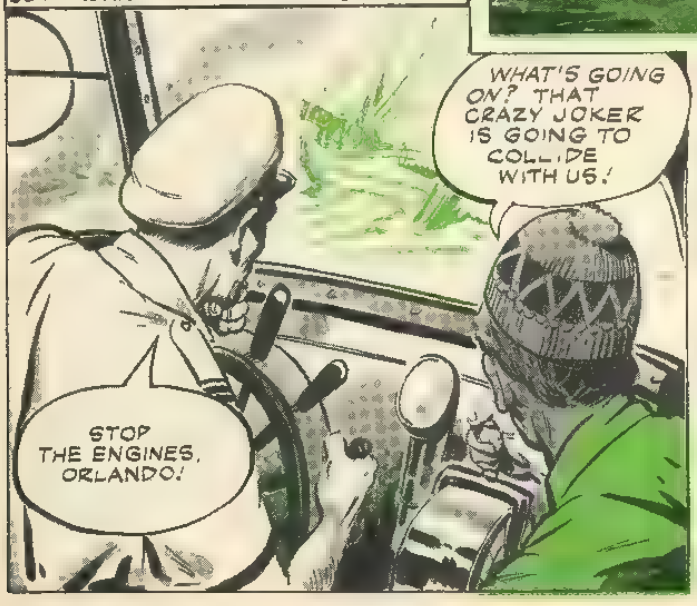
SO WITH ORLANDO AND STEVE DOING ALL THE OFFICERS' DUTIES THE SMALL CARGO SHIP HEADS OUT TO SEA...

HUNDREDS OF SHIPS GO INTO HONG KONG EVERY YEAR. THE CHANCES OF BEING HI-JACKED ARE PRETTY SMALL!
CHINAMEN ARE PRETTY SMALL ANYWAY, STEVE ...WE SHOULDN'T HAVE TOO MUCH DIFFICULTY IN DEALING WITH TROUBLE-MAKERS!

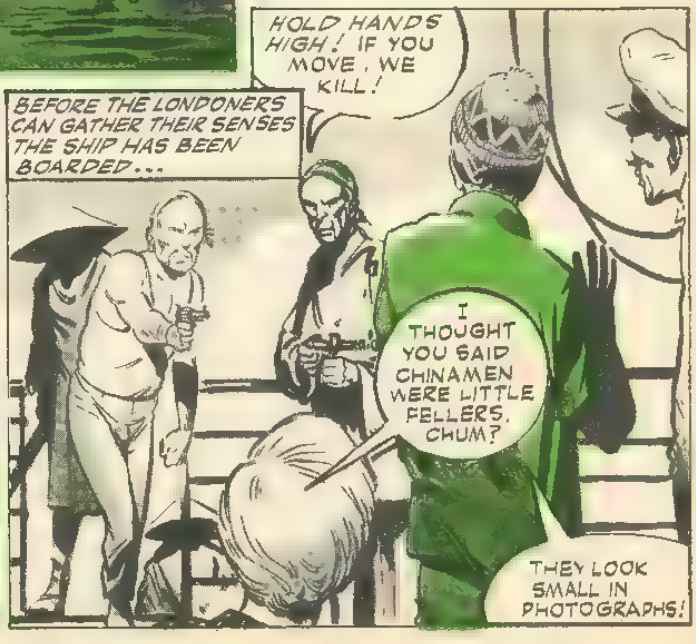
WEEKS LATER THE LONDONERS ARE IN THE DANGEROUS WATERS OF THE CHINA SEAS...

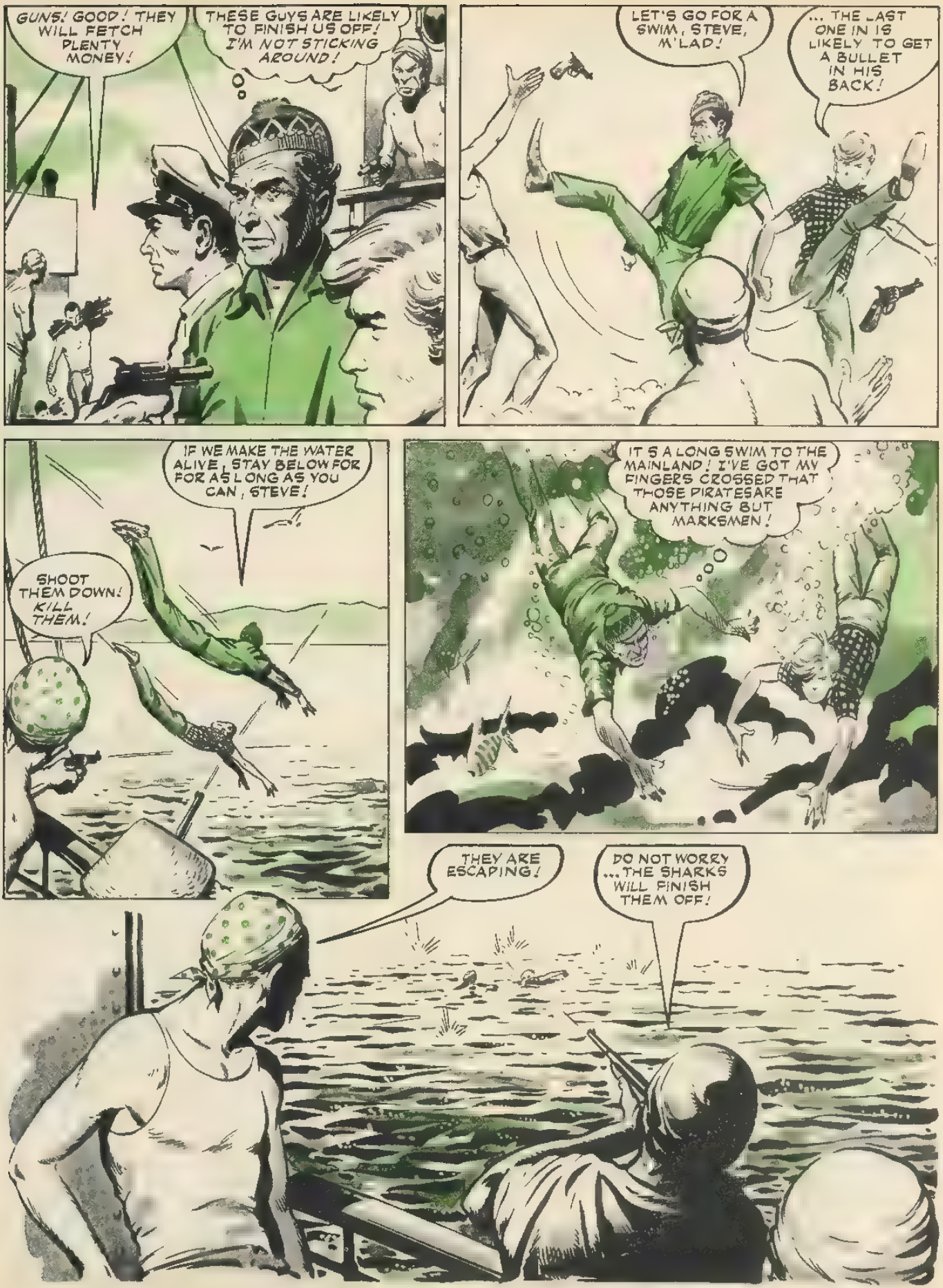
WE'RE ONLY TWO HOURS AWAY FROM HONG KONG ORLANDO.. SO FAR I HAVEN'T EVEN SPOTTED AN ANGRY SEA-GULL!
MAYBE WE'RE GOING TO BE LUCKY BERT.

BUT ORLANDO HAD SPOKEN TOO SOON..



BEFORE THE LONDONERS CAN GATHER THEIR SENSES THE SHIP HAS BEEN BOARDED...

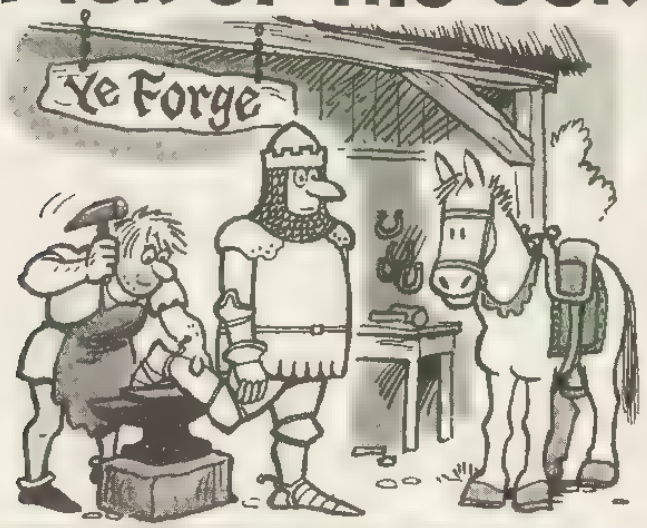


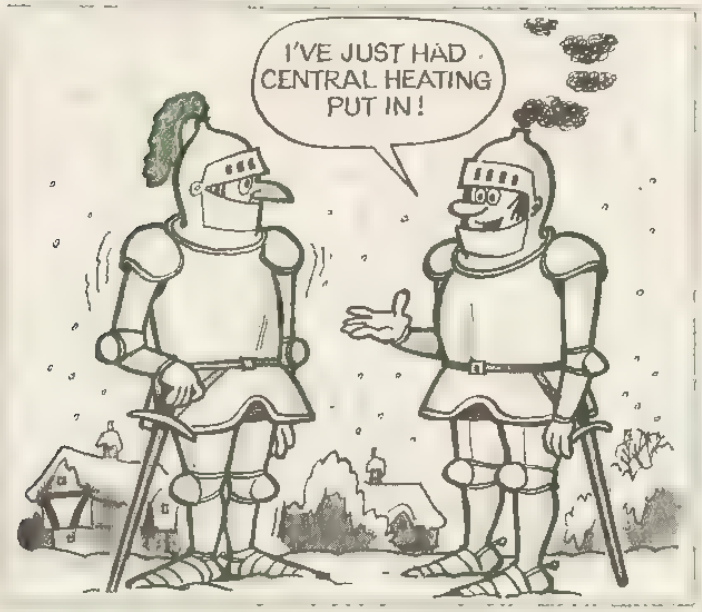

GUNS! GOOD! THEY WILL FETCH PLENTY MONEY!
THESE GUYS ARE LIKELY TO FINISH US OFF! I'M NOT STICKING AROUND!
LET'S GO FOR A SWIM, STEVE, M'LAD!
... THE LAST ONE IN IS LIKELY TO GET A BULLET IN HIS BACK!
IF WE MAKE THE WATER ALIVE, STAY BELOW FOR FOR AS LONG AS YOU CAN, STEVE!
SHOOT THEM DOWN! KILL THEM!
IT'S A LONG SWIM TO THE MAINLAND! I'VE GOT MY FINGERS CROSSED THAT THOSE PIRATES ARE ANYTHING BUT MARKSMEN!
THEY ARE ESCAPING!
DO NOT WORRY ... THE SHARKS WILL FINISH THEM OFF!

HAVING LOADED THEIR CRAFT WITH ARMS, THE PIRATES LEAVE ...
WE WILL TAKE YOUR CAPTAIN WITH US! HE WILL HAVE VALUABLE INFORMATION ABOUT OTHER ARMS SHIPMENTS ON THEIR WAY...
AFTER A FEW LUCKY ESCAPES FROM SHARKS, ORLANDO AND STEVE COME ASHORE EXHAUSTED ...
WHAT A SWIM!... I THOUGHT FOR A MINUTE BACK THERE WE WERE GOING TO END UP AS SHARK'S MEAT!
ME TOO!
THE PIRATES ARE CLEARING OFF AND THE BRITISH CREW ARE LOWERING A BOAT TO COME ASHORE ...WE'LL WAIT FOR THEM
WHEN THE CREW ARRIVE ...
THE CHINESE HAVE TAKEN CAP'N HIGGINS, ORLANDO! THEY PROBABLY HAVE A HIDEOUT CLOSE TO HERE...
COULD BE! WE'LL ASK SOME OF THE LOCALS IF THEY'VE ANY IDEA WHERE THE PIRATES HANG OUT... WE MUST GET BERT BACK!
ORLANDO AND STEVE TALK TO SOME SHADY CHARACTERS IN A WATER-FRONT CAFE AND DISCOVER THE WHEREABOUTS OF THE PIRATES' STRONGHOLD...
THIS MAP SHOWS THE ISLAND THE PIRATES HAVE FORTIFIED.. I PLAN TO EQUIP AN OLD JUNK WITH ALL THE WEAPONS WE CAN SCROUNGE FROM THE BRITISH GARRISON HERE IN HONG KONG AND LAUNCH AN ATTACK ON THEM!
THREE DAYS LATER WITH THE HELP OF SOLDIERS FROM THE BRITISH GARRISON, ORLANDO'S WEAPON-PACKED JUNK IS READY FOR ACTION...
THANKS FOR THE EQUIPMENT, COMMANDER!
DON'T MENTION IT.. ANYTHING YOU CAN DO TO UPSET THOSE PIRATES WILL MAKE MY MEN AND I VERY HAPPY. THEY'RE ALWAYS RAIDING BRITISH SHIPS IN THIS AREA!

SOME TIME LATER, ORLANDO AND HIS CREW ARE NEARING THE PIRATES' ISLAND...
LET'S HOPE THE CHINESE DON'T GET SUSPICIOUS ABOUT AN OLD JUNK DRIFTING PAST THEIR FORT!
IT ONLY JUNK.. NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT!
BUT THEN SUDDENLY...
OKAY, MEN! NOW LET'S SHOW 'EM OUR TEETH! FIRE!
KEEP BLASTING 'EM... THEY DON'T KNOW WHAT'S HIT THEM!
WHAT TREACHERY IS THIS?
UH!
AH!
THIS LOT WILL SOON THROW IN THE TOWEL.. THEY CAN'T TAKE OUR FIRE POWER FOR MUCH LONGER!
UH!
THROW DOWN YOUR ARMS OR WE'LL BE FORCED TO CONTINUE FIRING!
WE HAD ENOUGH! TOO MANY DIE ALREADY!
WHERE HAVE YOU PUT CAPTAIN HIGGINS?
HE IN JAIL-HOUSE!
HIGGINS IS SOON RELEASED...
RIGHT NICE OF YOU TO GET ME OUT IN SUCH A DRAMATIC WAY, ME OLD CHINA!
DON'T MENTION CHINA AT THE MOMENT, BERT! I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THE PLACE!
IF I WERE YOU LOT I'D PACK THIS PIRACY LARK UP OR WE'LL PAY YOU ANOTHER VISIT!

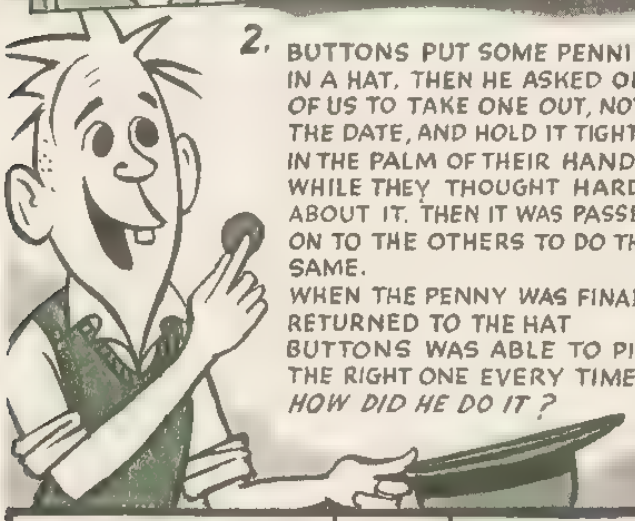
Pick of the Jokes





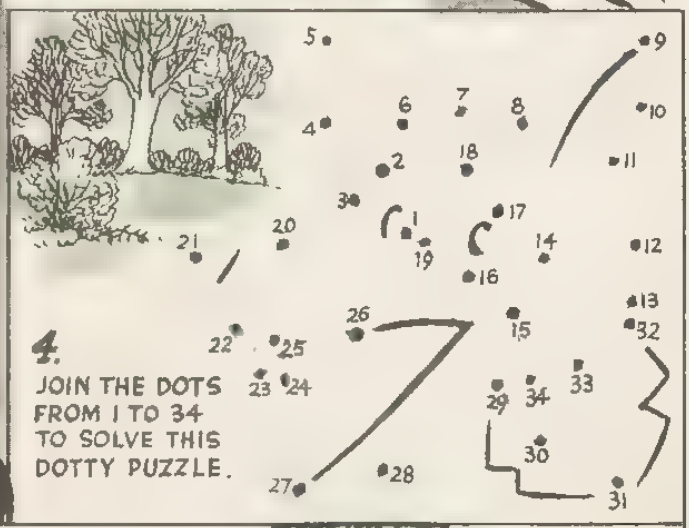
OUR Puzzle Page

1. HOW MANY THINGS ARE DIFFERENT IN THE PICTURE BELOW COMPARED WITH THE ONE AT THE LEFT ?

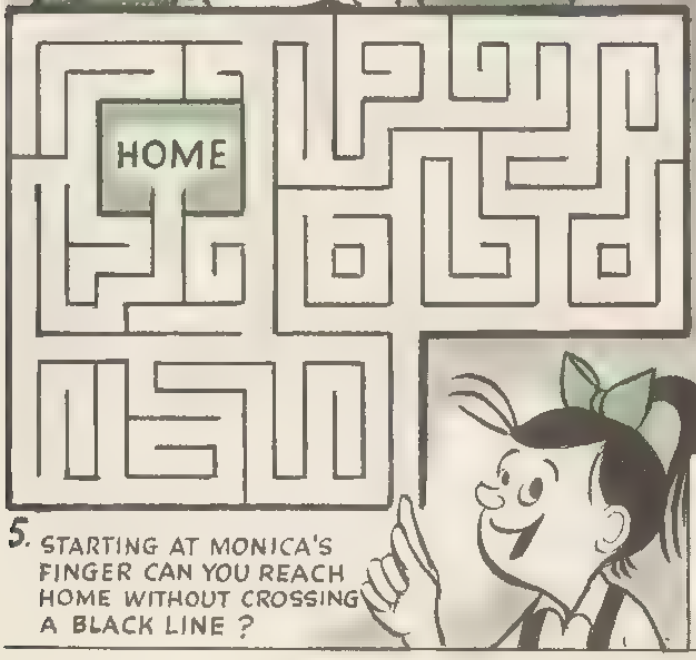


2. BUTTONS PUT SOME PENNIES IN A HAT. THEN HE ASKED ONE OF US TO TAKE ONE OUT, NOTE THE DATE, AND HOLD IT TIGHTLY IN THE PALM OF THEIR HAND WHILE THEY THOUGHT HARD ABOUT IT. THEN IT WAS PASSED ON TO THE OTHERS TO DO THE SAME.
WHEN THE PENNY WAS FINALLY RETURNED TO THE HAT BUTTONS WAS ABLE TO PICK THE RIGHT ONE EVERY TIME.
HOW DID HE DO IT ?

3. ARRANGE 12 BUTTONS IN A SQUARE WITH 4 BUTTONS ALONG EACH SIDE. CAN YOU REARRANGE THEM SO THAT THERE ARE 5 ON EACH SIDE ?



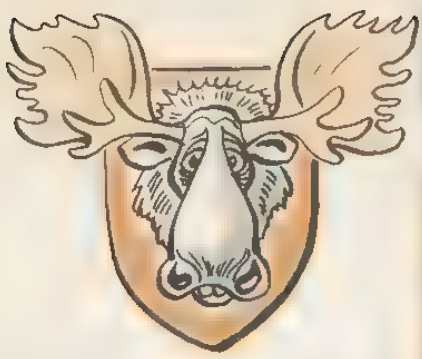
4. JOIN THE DOTS FROM 1 TO 34 TO SOLVE THIS DOTTY PUZZLE.



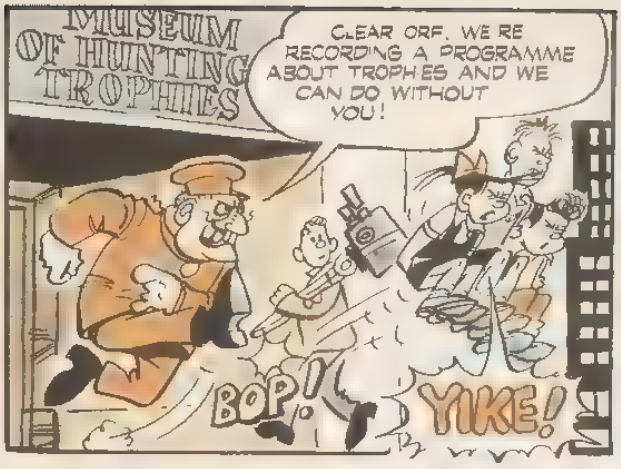
5. STARTING AT MONICA'S FINGER CAN YOU REACH HOME WITHOUT CROSSING A BLACK LINE ?

ANSWERS

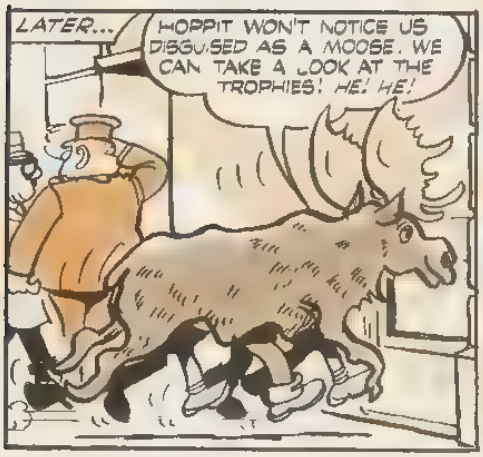
1. THERE ARE AT LEAST 30 THINGS THAT ARE DIFFERENT- YOU MAY FIND ONE OR TWO MORE
2. THE PENNY THAT HAD BEEN CHOSEN FELT WARMER THAN THE OTHERS IN THE HAT
3.
4. IS BASIL BRUSH
5. A BRIGHT PERSON LIKE YOU SHOULD SOON FIND THE WAY

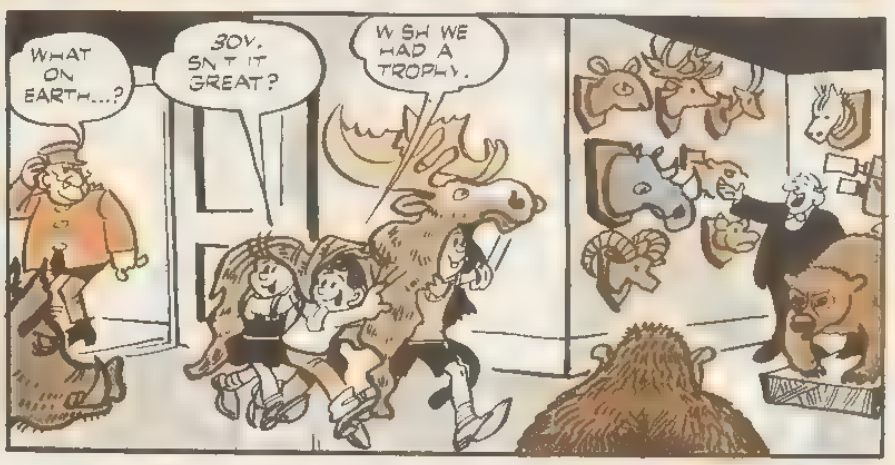


TV Terrors

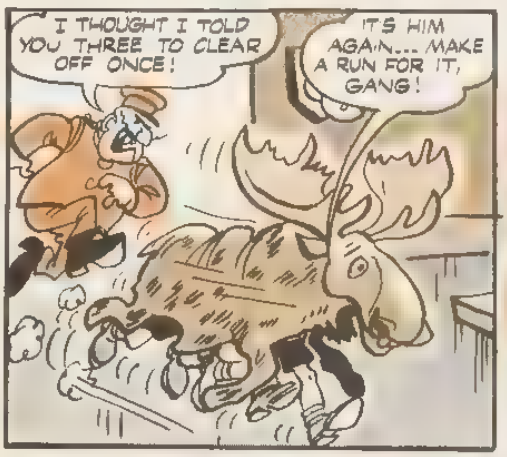

MUSEUM OF HUNTING TROPHIES
CLEAR ORF. WE RE RECORDING A PROGRAMME ABOUT TROPH ES AND WE CAN DO WITHOUT YOU!
BOP!
YIKE!

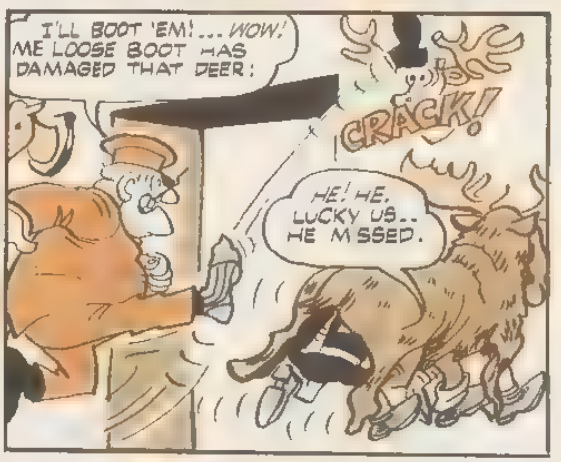
I VE GOT AN DEA... REMEMBER THAT OLD MOOSE-SK N RUG UNCLE CHARLIE BROUGHT HOME FROM CANADA?...
TV
UTSIDE DADCAST UNIT

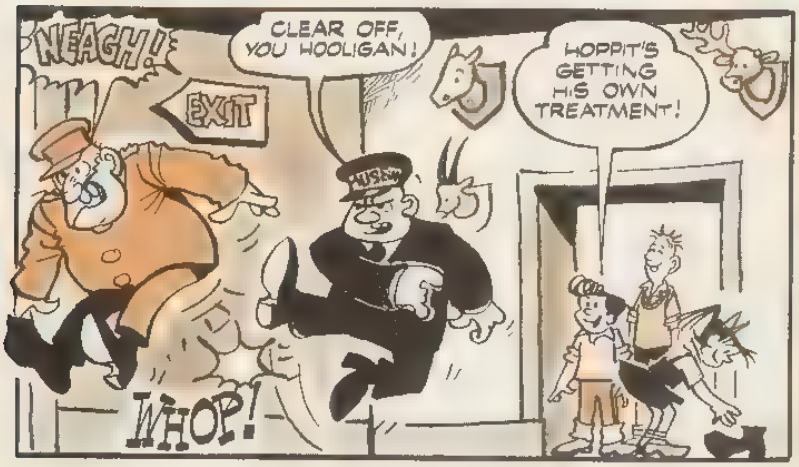

LATER...
HOPPIT WON'T NOTICE US DISGUISED AS A MOOSE. WE CAN TAKE A LOOK AT THE TROPHIES! HE! HE!

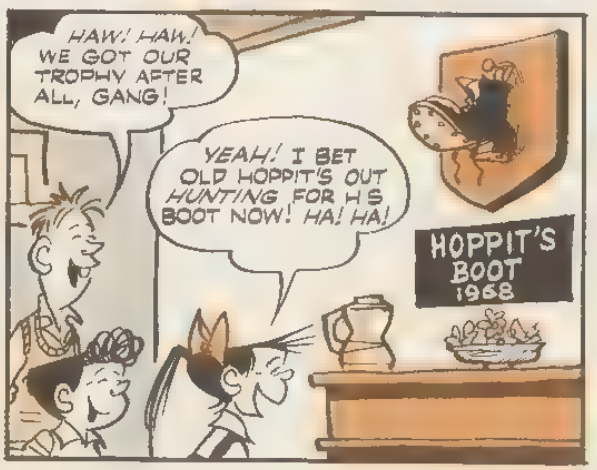

WHAT ON EARTH...?
BOY, SN T IT GREAT?
W SH WE HAD A TROPHY.

HALLO! HALLO! A MOOSE WITH SIX LEGS?... I SUSPECT THOSE TERRORS OF TRICKERY!


I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU THREE TO CLEAR OFF ONCE!
IT'S HIM AGAIN... MAKE A RUN FOR IT, GANG!


I'LL BOOT 'EM!... WOW! ME LOOSE BOOT HAS DAMAGED THAT DEER!
CRACK!
HE! HE. LUCKY US.. HE M SSED.


NEAGH!
CLEAR OFF, YOU HOOLIGAN!
EXIT
MUSEUM
HOPPIT'S GETTING HIS OWN TREATMENT!
WHOP!


HAW! HAW! WE GOT OUR TROPHY AFTER ALL, GANG!
YEAH! I BET OLD HOPPIT'S OUT HUNTING FOR H S BOOT NOW! HA! HA!
HOPPIT'S BOOT 1968

POPEYE
GREW!
I HATES SPINACH
I IS NEVER GONNA EAT ANY MORE OF THE GREEN WEEDY STUFF AGAIN!
SPINACH, HAS MADE ME PALE AND AS BALD AS A BEACH BALL!
I IS GONNA START AN ANTI-SPINACH CAMPAIGN!
SPINACH OUGHTA BE BANNED.
THE STUFF OUGHTA BE PUT INTO PIPES AND SMOKED!
...OR USED TO LINE DUSTBINS WI T'.
NOTHIN' IN THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD COULD MAKE ME EAT SPINACH AGAIN!
I'M FROM THE SPINACH MARKETING BOARD!...
...AND I'M MAKING A LIST OF EVERYONE WHO DON'T EAT SPINACH! EVERYBODY ON THE LIST IS GONNA GET THUMPED!
MUNCH! SLURP! MUNCH!
I WONDER WHAT'S MADE HIM KEEN ON HIS SPINACH!.. HE HATES THE STUFF!
AMAZING!

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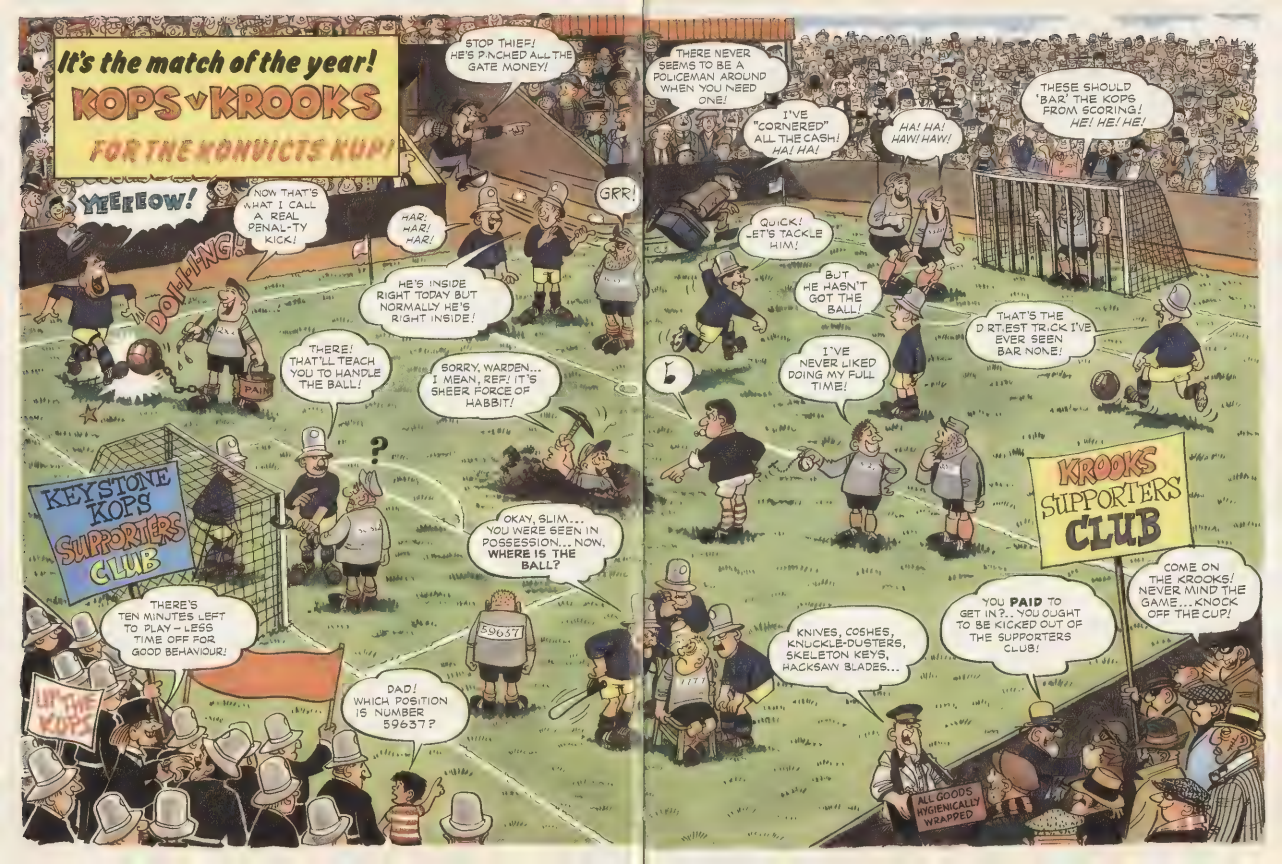
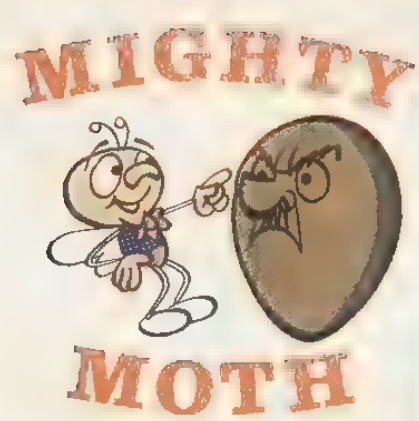
T.V.C.A.—C

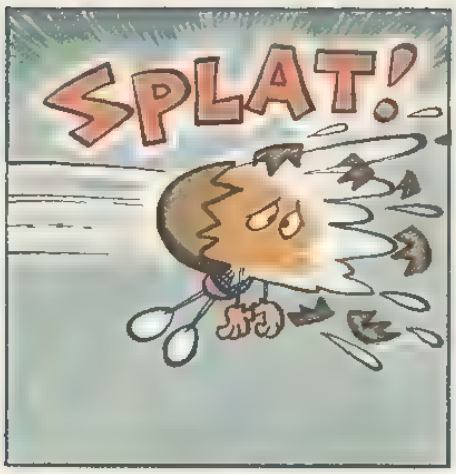

It's the match of the year!
KOPS v KROOKS
FOR THE KONVICTS KUP!
STOP THIEF! HE'S PINCHED ALL THE GATE MONEY!
YEEEEOW!
NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL A REAL PENAL-TY KICK!
DOINNG!
HAR! HAR! HAR!
GRR!
HE'S INSIDE RIGHT TODAY BUT NORMALLY HE'S RIGHT INSIDE!
THERE! THAT'LL TEACH YOU TO HANDLE THE BALL!
SORRY, WARDEN... I MEAN, REF! IT'S SHEER FORCE OF HABBIT!
KEYSTONE KOPS SUPPORTERS CLUB
OKAY, SLIM... YOU WERE SEEN IN POSSESSION... NOW, WHERE IS THE BALL?
THERE'S TEN MINUTES LEFT TO PLAY – LESS TIME OFF FOR GOOD BEHAVIOUR!
59637
DAD! WHICH POSITION IS NUMBER 59637?
THERE NEVER SEEMS TO BE A POLICEMAN AROUND WHEN YOU NEED ONE!
I'VE "CORNERED" ALL THE CASH! HA! HA!
HA! HA! HAW! HAW!
THESE SHOULD 'BAR' THE KOPS FROM SCORING! HE! HE! HE!
QUICK! LET'S TACKLE HIM!
BUT HE HASN'T GOT THE BALL!
THAT'S THE DIRTIEST TRICK I'VE EVER SEEN BAR NONE!
I'VE NEVER LIKED DOING MY FULL TIME!
KROOKS SUPPORTERS CLUB
COME ON THE KROOKS! NEVER MIND THE GAME... KNOCK OFF THE CUP!
YOU PAID TO GET IN?.. YOU OUGHT TO BE KICKED OUT OF THE SUPPORTERS CLUB!
KNIVES, COSHES, KNUCKLE-DUSTERS, SKELETON KEYS, HACKSAW BLADES...
ALL GOODS HYGIENICALLY WRAPPED

TV Terrors
TV STUDIOS
DID I EVER TELL YOU ABOUT SIR HOPPIT DE BOOT, MY MEDIAEVAL ANCESTOR?
NO YOU DIDN'T, HOPPIT... LET'S HEAR ABOUT HIM.
IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS WHEN KNIGHTS WERE BOLD, SIR HOPPIT GUARDED BARON BUMBLE FROM THE WICKED SERFS.
HOPPIT, VARLET!
OOOF!
WHUMP!
WELL DONE, HOPPIT... I'M GLAD I'VE GOT YOU TO PROTECT ME FROM THOSE GRUBBY SERFS
DO NOT FEAR... SIR HOPPIT IS HERE.
MEANWHILE, IN THE FOREST NEARBY...
LET'S TRY AND GET BARON BUMBLE'S AUTOGRAPH... HE'S A FAMOUS MAN IN THESE PARTS.
YIKE! IT'S SIR HOPPIT DE BOOT!
PREPARE THY-SELVES FOR A BOOTING, SERFS.
THAT WILL TEACH THEE TO TRY FOR THE BARON'S AUTOGRAPH.
YE OLDE OUCH!
WHUMP!
BAH! WE'LL GET THAT AUTOGRAPH BY LAYING SEIGE TO YE CASTLE!
THAT IS YE GOOD THINKING, MONICA!
SO, LATER...
WHEN WE GET YE TOWER UP AGAINST THE WALL WE'LL CLIMB UP INSIDE IT AND GAIN ENTRY.
CREAK!
RUMBLE!
NOW! THE CASTLE'S UNDER SEIGE... I MUST DO SOMETHING!
PUSH!
RUMBLE!

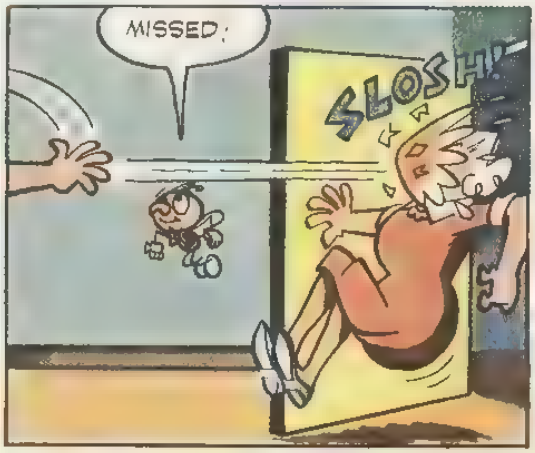
I'LL NIP DOWN TO THE CASTLE KITCHENS. I HAVE AN IDEA.
THIS STEAMING PORRIDGE WILL HELP WE DEFEND THE CASTLE. HEH. HEH.
SO...
HAW HAW. HAW.
YAARGH! WE'RE BEING BOMBARDED BY YE HOT SLOPPY PORRIDGE!
YOUCH!
HAR! HAR!
QUICK! COOL YOURSELVES OFF IN THE MOAT!
GLUG!
SPLOSH!
SIZZLE!
BACK IN 1968...
...AND THAT'S HOW SIR HOPPIT GOT RID OF THE STUPID SERFS. HAR! HAR! HAR!
MOMENTS LATER.
EEK!
PREPARE TO BE JOUSTED, HOPPIT.
AWK!
WHUMP!
ZOOM!
I'D SAY SIR HOPPIT DE BOOT WAS A BETTER DOORMAN THAN YOU ARE HOPPIT HE. HE.
HAW. HAW. HAW!
NURG! FUME!


MIGHTY
MOTH

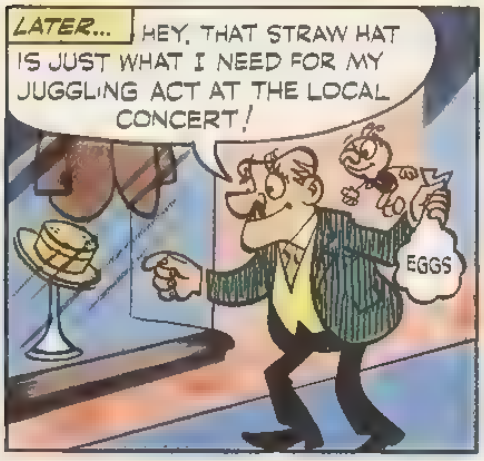
IT'S VERY QUIET TODAY. I WONDER WHAT DAD'S UP TO?


SPLAT!

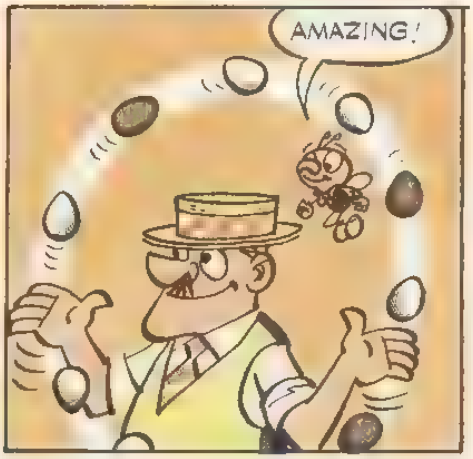
THAT WAS A GOOD SHOT! I'LL TRY ANOTHER ONE!

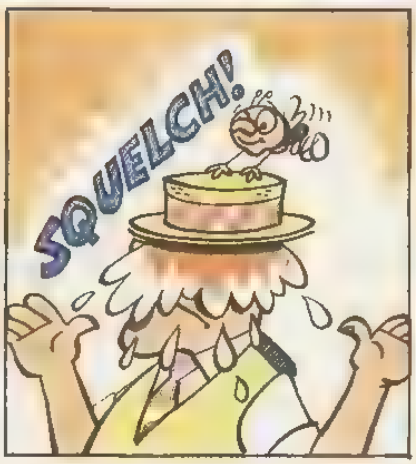

MISSED!
SLOSH!

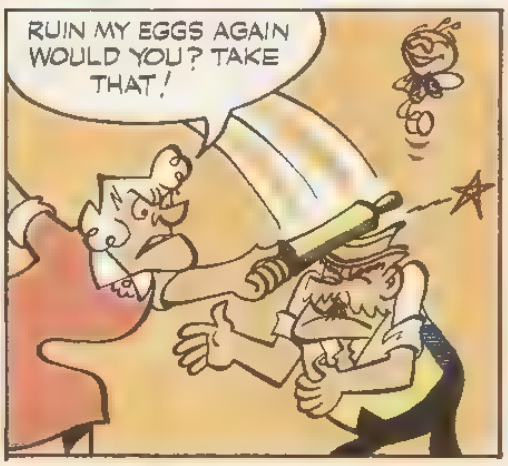
WASTE MY EGGS WOULD YOU? NOW YOU CAN GO OUT AND BUY SOME MORE!


LATER...
HEY, THAT STRAW HAT IS JUST WHAT I NEED FOR MY JUGGLING ACT AT THE LOCAL CONCERT!
EGGS

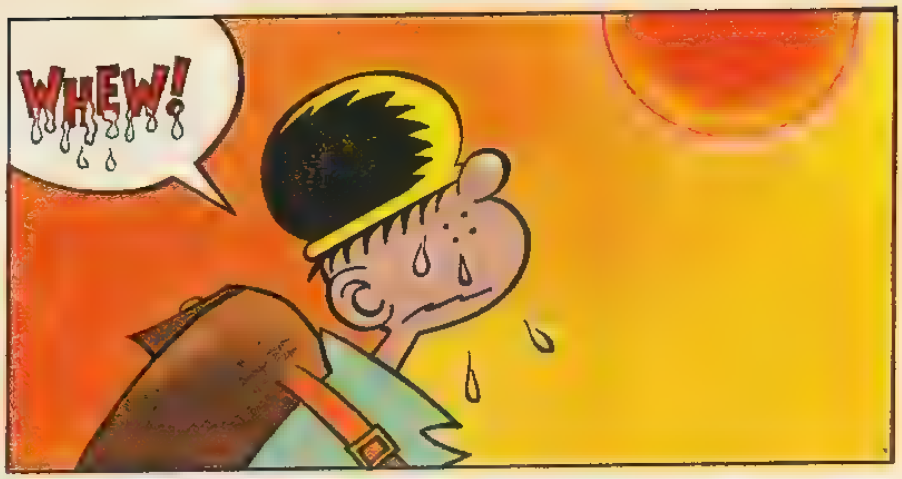
BACK HOME...
GIVE ME A DEMONSTRATION OF YOUR JUGGLING WITH THOSE EGGS, DAD!
EGGS

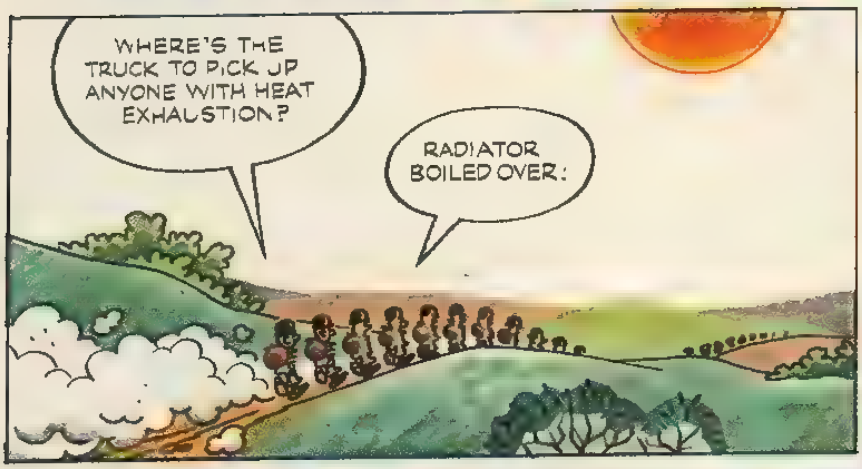

AMAZING!

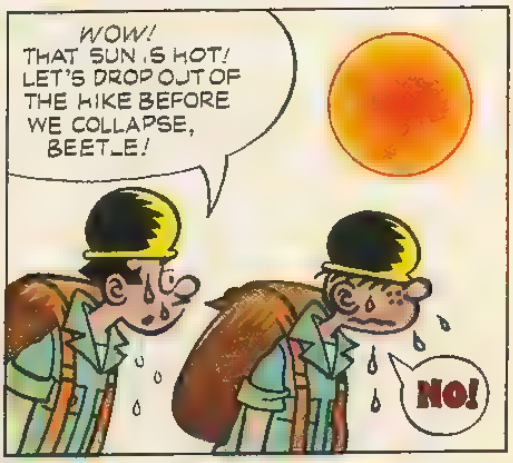

SQUELCH!

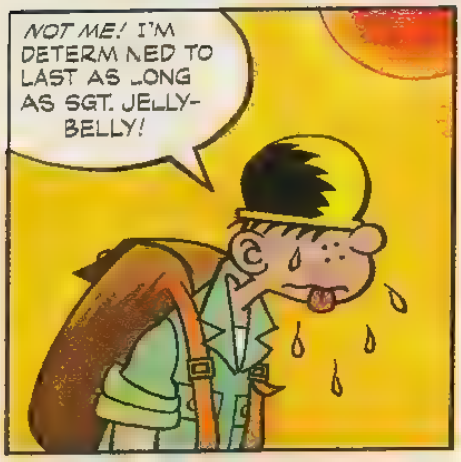

RUIN MY EGGS AGAIN WOULD YOU? TAKE THAT!

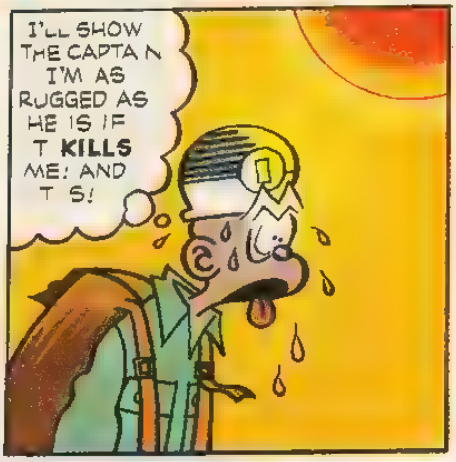
BEETLE BAILEY

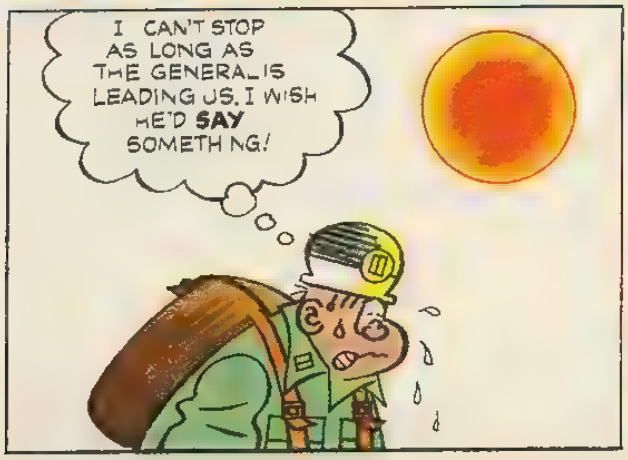


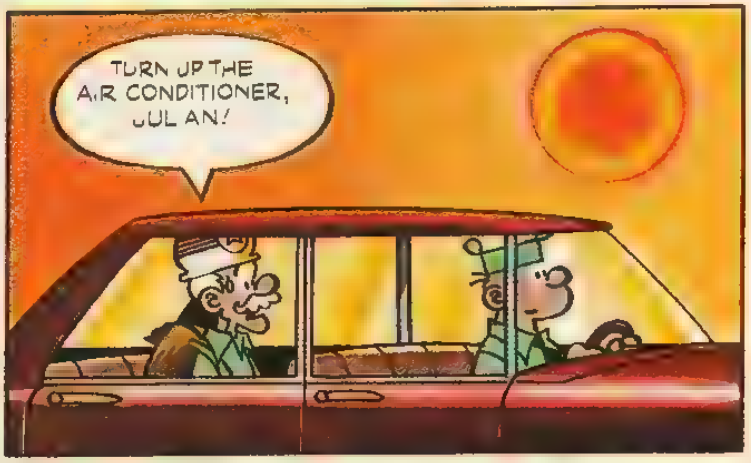












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TV TERRORS

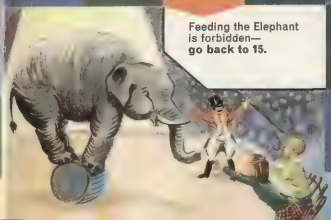
BRRR! MY FEET ARE FREEZING..I CAN'T KICK WITH COLD KICKERS!
STAMP! STAMP!
SO... THIS BRAZER WILL HELP.. AT LEAST I'LL BE ABLE TO WARM MY BOOTS BY IT.
HAH! THAT'S BETTER.. NOTHING LIKE A HOT PAIR OF KICKERS TO MAKE YOU FEEL GOOD!
MEANWHILE...
HOLD TIGHT AND LET'S GO KIDS!
OKAY!
OUTTA THE WAY, HOPPIT!
ARRGH! IT'S THEM!
WE'RE IN!
CRASH! THUMP!
BY MY MIGHTY BOOTS I SWEAR THEY WON'T GET FAR.
INSIDE THE STUDIO...
C'MERE!
SIZZLE!
MELT!
WOW! OLD HOPPIT'S MELTING THE ICE.
YIKE!
URRR!
OH, NO! MY STEAMING HOT KICKERS ARE RUINING THE ICE SHOW.. THE PRODUCER WILL BE AFTER ME!
CLEAR OFF.
AWK!
THE PRODUCER'S HOT UNDER THE COLLAR BUT HE'S GIVING HOPPIT A COOL RECEPTION!
HA! HA! HA!

BASIL BRUSH
ONE AUTUMN EVENING.
HURRY UP, CHUMMERS OLD CHAP... IT'S ALMOST DARK AND WE HAVEN'T HAD TEA YET...
I'LL HAVE IT READY IN A JIFF, GUV... BUT FIRST...
... JUST GET RID OF THIS OLD WRECK, MASTER BASIL...
WHAT? ... HEY!
THUMP!
GREAT FLITTING FURNITURE... NOW WHERE'S THAT CHAIR GONE...?
SORRY H ABOUT THE DELAY, GUV.. BUT THERE H'ARE MORE IMPORTANT FINGS AFTER ALL...
MORE IMPORTANT THAN FOOD, CHUMMERS? YOU'RE OFF YOUR TROLLEY!
I'M SURE YOU WONT MIND 'AVING IT ON YOUR LAP, GUV...
NONSENSE, CHUMMERS ...THAT'S WHAT TABLES ARE FOR...
GREAT CRUMBLING CROCKERY... I'VE HEARD OF WOODWORM EATING FURNITURE, BUT THIS IS TOO MUCH!
CRASH
CHUMLEY! I KNOW WE'RE THROWING THIS OLD STUFF AWAY... BUT SURELY NOT AT THIS TIME OF NIGHT!
THAT'S JUST IT GUV. YOU'VE FORGOTTEN SOMETHING
FORGOTTEN?.. WELL I'LL CERTAINLY REMEMBER TO GET A NEW BUTLER IN THE MORNING!
SURPRISE! GOOD OLD BASIL!
BUT GUV.. YOU'VE FORGOTTEN THE PARTY... AND THE DATE!
GREAT BURSTING BANGERS.. FANCY ME FORGETTING TO REMEMBER THE 5TH OF NOVEMBER! HA! HA! HA!

AS MORE AND MORE KARS KOME ON THE ROADS CHIEFY AND HIS KOPS DO THEIR BEST TO KOPE WITH THE EVER-MOUNTING RHAOS IN KEYSTONE!
THIS ONE-WAY STREET WILL KEEP THE TRAFFIC MOVING!
CLANG!
CRUNCH!
THIS ONE-WAY STREET WILL KEEP THE TRAFFIC MOVING!
ONE WAY
CRASH!
I'M OFF!
I FEEL AIRSICK.
FLYOVER
FASTEN YOUR SAFETY BELTS EVERYONE!
POLICE
MAY WE SEE YOUR LICENCES, PLEASE.
EEEK!
WHUMP!
KEYSTONE BANK
HELP! THE BANK HAS BEEN ROBBED! THERE GO THE KROOKS!
DON'T DISTRACT A KOP ON POINT-DUTY, SIR! HIS JOB IS TO SPEED THE TRAFFIC ON ITS WAY.
OH, NO! IT WAS A TRAFFIC ROUNDABOUT I WANTED!
I'LL HAVE THE KOPS ON YOU FOR THIS!
LOOKOUT, FINGERS... IT'S THE FLYING SQUAD!
IS THIS ONE OF THESE NEW DIVERSIONS, MAC?
GENERAL STORE
WE THINK YOUR POLICE ARE WONDERFUL!
LOOT
ZOOM!
IT'S MY DUTY TO HELP OLD LADIES ACROSS THE ROAD!
BUT I DON'T WANT TO CROSS THE ROAD!

CIRCUS GAME

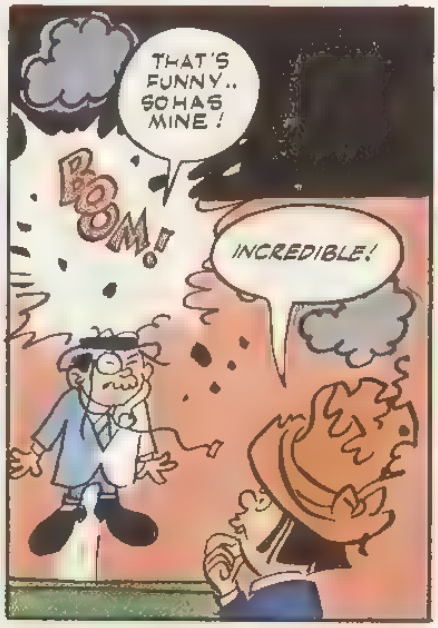
Here is a wonderful game for two or more players. All you need is a dice for scoring and small coloured counters. The first player to throw six can begin this exciting circus adventure.

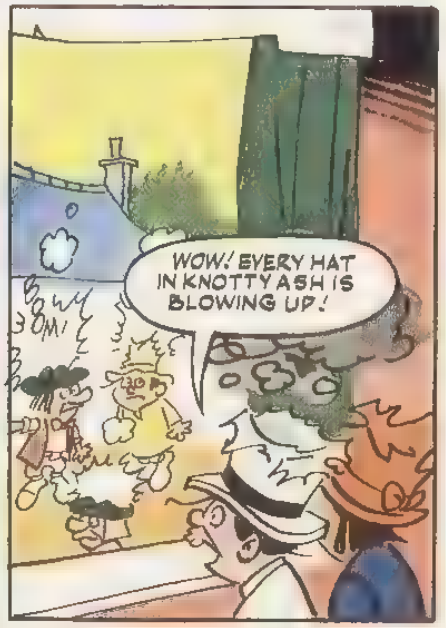


Finish	51	50	49	48	47	Cannot find the way out—**go back to 25**						
					46				36	35	34	33	32	31
Start	1	2			45		41		37	Fall off your seat through laughing at the clown—**go back 4 places.**			Out of breath through watching the trapeze—**miss a turn.**	30
	3				44	43	42	40	39	38				29
								Miss 2 turns for boasting that you can stand on your hands like an acrobat.						28
	4	Cannot shake hands with the stilt-man—**go back to 1**			Give your last sweet to a horse in the stable—**take an extra turn.**								**Go to 32** for not being afraid of the lions.	27
	5						14	15	16	17	18	19		26
	6						13			Feeding the Elephant is forbidden—**go back to 15.**		20		25
	7	8	9	10	11	12						21	22	23	24

Hurry to see the girl on a horse—**take an extra turn.**

KEN DODD'S Diddymen

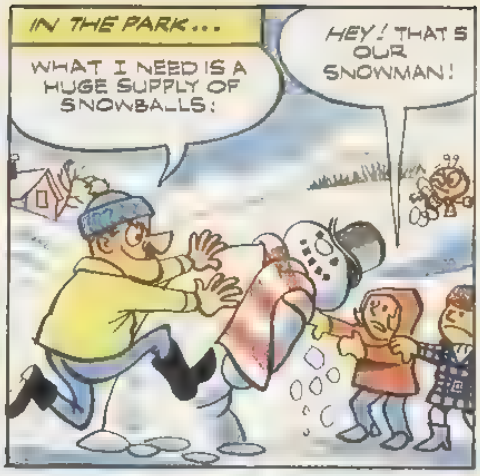




SOON ALL THE CITIZENS OF KNOTTY ASH ARE ASSEMBLED OUTSIDE THE POLICE STATION...
SHOP
YOUR HATS ARE EXPLODING BECAUSE OF THE WICKED WORK OF A VILLAINOUS CRIMINAL KNOWN AS THE MAD HATTER!
LET'S FIND HIM!
HE MUST BE PUNISHED!
SOMEWHERE IN KNOTTY ASH THE MAD HATTER IS DETONATING OUR HATS WITH A HAT-DETONATOR!
GOOD THINKING, P.C. DODD.. I TAKE MY HAT OFF TO YOU!
SUDDENLY, THE MAD HATTER STRIKES AGAIN..
BOOM!
HE'S GONE TOO FAR THIS TIME..
DETONATING ORDINARY HATS IS ONE THING, BUT DOING THIS TO GOVERNMENT PROPERTY IS VERY SERIOUS INDEED!
JUST THEN ANOTHER EXPLOSION GIVES P.C. DODD A CLUE TO THE WHEREABOUTS OF THE MAD HATTER...
BOOM!
HALLO! HALLO! LET'S INVESTIGATE UP THERE!
THE HAT SHOP
COME QUIETLY, HATTER!
BAH! I GAVE THE GAME AWAY BY DETONATING MY OWN HAT BY MISTAKE!
I'M FROM KNOTTY ASH TV! TELL THE VIEWERS WHY YOU BLEW UP EVERYBODY'S HAT, HATTER..?
I HAVEN'T BEEN DOING ANY TRADE AT MY SHOP SO I DECIDED TO BLOW UP ALL THE HATS IN TOWN SO PEOPLE WOULD HAVE TO COME AND BUY NEW ONES FROM ME... YOU SEE I'M BROKE!
THE POOR OLD HATTER'S BROKE! (SOB!)
I'LL PASS THE HAT ROUND AND MAKE A COLLECTION FOR HIM! (SOB!)

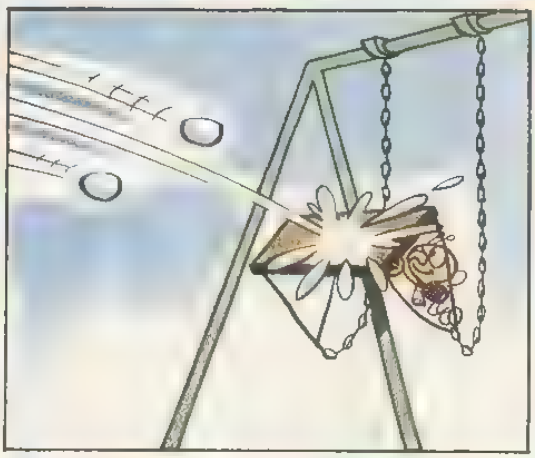
MIGHTY MOTH

JUST WAIT 'TILL I GET HOLD OF YOU.
I'LL MAKE FOR THE PARK!

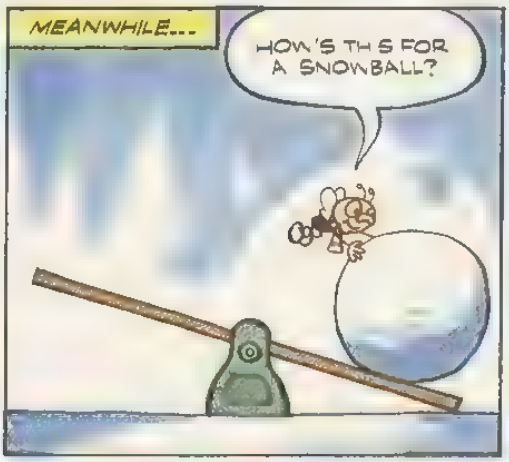

IN THE PARK...
WHAT I NEED IS A HUGE SUPPLY OF SNOWBALLS!
HEY! THAT'S OUR SNOWMAN!

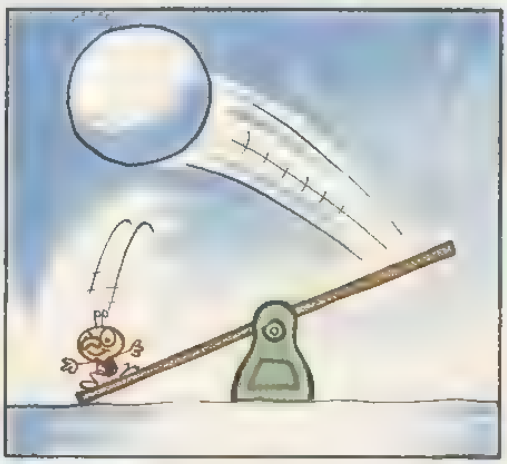
TOO BAD! IT MAKES GOOD AMMO!

THERE HE IS, IN THE PLAYGROUND! I'LL LET HIM HAVE IT!



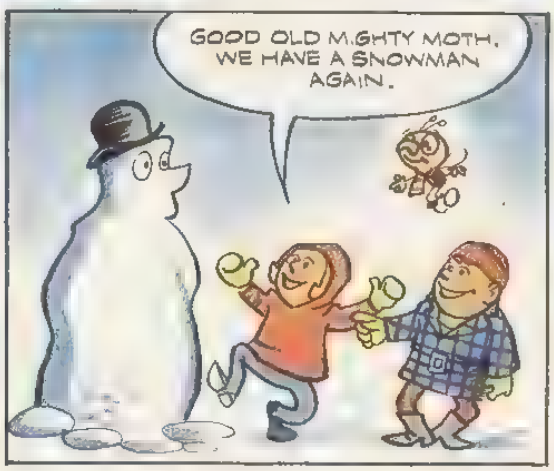
I'VE RUN OUT OF SNOWBALLS. I'D BETTER MAKE SOME MORE!


MEANWHILE...
HOW'S THIS FOR A SNOWBALL?



YA!

FLOP!


GOOD OLD MIGHTY MOTH. WE HAVE A SNOWMAN AGAIN.

SKIPPY *the 'golden' kangaroo*

CHIEF Ranger Matt Hammond jammed on the brakes and stared blankly at the amazing figure on the bush track ahead. It was the figure of a kangaroo, but such a 'roo as Matt had never seen in his life.

It seemed to be made of solid gold!

There was no doubt about that yellow gleam. The morning sun was reflected from it in a thousand sparkles. The image was standing with its head drooping, its little paws held in front of it. Sonny and Mark, the Chief Ranger's two sons, were speechless on the seat beside him.

Then, suddenly, the "image" made a movement. It turned its head and Sonny gave a yell.

"Dad, it's Skippy! What's happened to her?"

Skippy was Sonny's kangaroo pal. She was a little bush kangaroo about four feet high who lived on the Game Reserve ruled by Chief Ranger Matt Hammond. As Sonny yelled she bounded towards the car, making one of her forty-foot leaps. Matt and the boys scrambled out and surrounded her.

They felt her gleaming golden coat, dusting the tiny sparkles from her fur, and Matt was quick to realise what had happened.

"Boys," he said, "Skippy's found gold, and it must be in one of those dust bowls on the surface. But where on the range can it be?"

Matt did not sound very happy, because he knew the lure of gold. It always causes trouble, and men have even killed for it. Skippy scratched herself as he spoke, making some of the most valuable scratches in history. For tiny particles of the yellow dust fell with every scratch.

Even Skippy was not happy. She squeaked sadly as she shook herself.

"I know how to find where she got it, Dad," Sonny exclaimed suddenly, pointing ahead. "She's left a trail of gold wherever she's bounded through the bush."

It was an amazing trail. Sparkles gleamed from every bush she had touched in her leaps. Matt and the boys, taking the little 'roo with them, scrambled back into the car, and Matt drove

carefully along the trail following the golden sparkle.

In twenty minutes he had arrived at a dried-up creek. At some time in the past it must have been filled with water, water that had washed down the gold from the hills above, for even now it sparkled in the morning sun. It was obvious that Skippy had been sleeping in it, twisting and turning in her sleep until she had covered herself with gold dust.

The boys rushed to examine it. They did not think about Skippy, who was standing away from them, looking worried. She gave herself another scratch, spilling pounds' worth of dust as she did so.

"Steady, lads," said Matt, following the boys. "None of this is ours. This is government property, and it all belongs to the State."

"That's where you're wrong, mate," said a harsh voice behind him. "Get your hands up. That gold dust is all ours, and we aim to keep it."

Matt and the two youngsters turned in amazement. Behind them stood two men with levelled rifles. They were hard-looking men, men who would shoot without compassion.

"We've been panning this dust for weeks," continued the speaker. "We've got enough to go on with. But that 'roo's spoilt our plans. We're getting out now, an' we don't aim to have you following us. Turn around an' walk to them blue gums."

The pals turned slowly, hands raised. They were unarmed, and there was nothing they could do.

"You'll be sorry for this," Matt said grimly, as the two men bound their hands behind them with thin but strong cords.

"I'd be sorrier still if I didn't do it," sneered the taller man. "Money talks, an' we've got bags of gold dust that means lots of money. You fellers are going to stay here till we get clean away."

He tied more cord round the ankles of his prisoners, and Matt and his sons were helpless on the ground. The gold thieves knew that Rangers do not carry guns. In the Game Reserve there is very little need for them.

But Matt was looking grim as he lay on his back with his hands tied behind him. The villains had not thought to look in his hip pocket, where he always carried a clasp knife. The Chief Ranger was feeling for this even as the men prepared to break camp.

They had a tent nearby, for they had been "panning" this strange gold find for weeks. Panning consists of filling a trough with sand and water and then rocking it until the gold dust in the sand, heavier than everything else, falls to the bottom, when the mud and water can be poured off. There was no water in this dry creek, of course, but that problem they had soon solved.

They had taken water from a nearby drinking hole, mixed it with the dry sand containing the gold dust, and "panned" in the usual fashion.

They were soon ready to depart. They slung pots, pans and gold bags round their belts, rolled up their blankets and tent, then "humped their bluey" by wrapping the blankets round their shoulders. They were what the Australians call "Swaggies"—and they had plenty of "swag" on this trail.

They also had rifles, which proved that they were not harmless. Matt wondered what other misdeeds they might have committed. But they went off without a glance at him.

"Ready, Sam?" one asked.

"Sure, Jake," said the other.

"Then let's pad the hoof," said Jake.

This meant walking. And they walked calmly away into the mulga scrub which surrounded the blue gums on the banks of the dry creek.

Sonny, who had been lying quietly, promptly rolled over to face his brother Mark.

"Mark," he gasped, "turn your back on me and get that whistle out of my shirt pocket. I want to call Skippy."

"What good will that do?" asked Mark.

"All the good in the world, son," put in Matt, who was working hard to open the knife behind him. "I can see Sonny's idea. He wants to send a message to Jerry King. And Jerry will soon be after those rogues in his helicopter."

In this Matt was slightly mistaken. True, Mark got the whistle although his hands were bound behind him, and Sonny blew hard on it as his brother held it to his lips. It was a strange whistle, for although it made hardly any sound to human ears, Skippy heard it and came bounding through the bush. At first sight of the two crooks she had disappeared completely.

Now, however, when Matt had succeeded in opening his knife and jamming it in the ground so that he could saw through the cord on his wrists, Skippy was ready to carry a message. When all three were free, Sonny wrote the message rapidly on a scrap of paper from his note-book and placed it in the kangaroo's pouch. Away went Skippy, making her forty-foot leaps when he had spoken Jerry's name to her, and it seemed that everything was going well.

In less than half-an-hour the helicopter had arrived.

"Why didn't you use the car to chase 'em?" Jerry exclaimed when the facts had been explained to him.

"Because those rogues deliberately walked off into the thickest patch of mulga around here," snorted Matt Hammond. "From the chopper, we shall be able to spot them easily."

That was where Matt was mistaken. Although the helicopter, with Matt and the boys and Skippy, cruised around till Jerry was nearly out of fuel, there was no sight of the crooks. Jake and Sam could hear the machine above them, and they were cunning enough to dive into the bush for cover whenever it was overhead.

"So what do we do now?" Jerry demanded, shouting above the roar of the engines. "If we go back for fuel, that'll give them their chance to get clear away."

Matt frowned.

"Anybody got any ideas?" he shouted.

Sonny was thinking fast.

"Yes, Dad," he yelled back. "Let's get down on the ground. Skippy can still help us."

Skippy squeaked happily as soon as she was out of the chopper. She didn't like the noise of the engines. But Sonny had some difficulty in making her understand what he wanted her to do.

"Find 'em," he whispered to her. "Find those two men. Find 'em in this scrub. Then do your leaps to show us where they are."

Skippy twitched first one ear and then the other. She held her little fore paws in front of her and sniffed the air. Then, suddenly, she bounded away into the mulga.

"She's got the idea!" Sonny cried gleefully. "Let's get back in the chopper."

"Hope the fuel lasts out," grunted Jerry King.

It was only a few minutes before Skippy had found the crooks. Instead of making her bounds forward, she simply leaped straight up and down. The helicopter was above her, and the pals knew the crooks were hiding right below.

But Jake and Sam knew that they had been discovered. They had rifles, too, and presently a bullet whined unpleasantly close to the chopper's cabin. Realising that the Rangers were unarmed, the men stood casually upright in the scrub and fired again and again.

Jerry promptly took action to avoid the fire. The chopper swerved away from the bullets, and Jerry dropped it quickly in a clear space.

"Okay," he snapped, as he landed and throttled down. "That's found the rogues. But what do we do now? I've only got about five minutes more flying time. Look at the gauge for yourselves."

Jerry was right, and the pals blinked at one another. What could they do, even with a helicopter, against two armed men?

Sonny became excited.

"I know," he said. "I've got another idea."

"Hope it's better than the last," Jerry grunted.

"Listen, let me tell you."

Sonny spoke rapidly. He wanted Mark and Matt to follow the crooks through the scrub to distract their attention.

"Then," he said, "I'll go up again with Jerry, and we'll use the lowering wire, only we won't use it for rescue work."

As he continued to explain, all three of the others began to grin.

"It might work," chuckled Mark.

"We'll have a good go at making it do so," grinned Jerry. "Let's get moving. You and Matt go on through the mulga, I'll wait a bit to save fuel."

Matt and Mark marched boldly into the scrub. Jake and Sam were crashing their way ahead of them. Matt shouted loudly to them to halt.

"In the name of the Law," he cried, "surrender!"

"Get lost!" shouted back Jake, and he swung round and fired wide as a warning.

Crack!

Matt and Mark dropped flat among the bush. But Mark was grinning.

"They won't shoot to kill," he said to his father. "They're too cunning."

"Yep, unless they hit us by accident," said Matt grimly.

Rising again, they followed the gold thieves. Jake and Sam were still pounding ahead. They were pounding so hard they did not notice the helicopter that was throbbing round towards them.

Flight-Ranger Jerry King had made a circling movement to deceive them. He came in from ahead, the lowering wire already streaming out behind him. This lowering wire was wound over a power drum in the chopper and was used mainly for rescue work. Normally, it carried a harness on the end of it so that a man could be fitted into this harness and raised comfortably.

But it was no part of Sonny's scheme to raise the crooks comfortably!

On the contrary, a loop had been made in the end of the wire, and it was this loop that Jerry was now lowering.

"Bandits below!" he roared gleefully. "Catch 'em by the feet!"

Down came the loop. At the last moment Jake looked up, and tried to dodge. But Jerry was too quick for him, and the large loop went over both men. Instantly, Jerry pressed the button that causes the drum to wind in, and what happened next caused Matt and Mark to howl with laughter.

The wire had dropped right to the ground so that the loop was round the ankles of both men, and as Jerry hauled in it tightened instantly. The result was that Jake and Sam found themselves being hoisted into the air by their feet.

They yelled madly, trying to grab the wire and dropping their rifles in the process. They also dropped their bags of gold dust, one of which

burst uncomfortably on the head of young Mark. Not only had there been a golden kangaroo in this adventure, but there was now a golden young man.

"Groooo-o-o-ogh!" spluttered Mark, almost choking.

The two thieves were hoisted at least thirty feet above the ground. They could yell no longer, for they were out of breath. All sorts of things tumbled from their pockets. To be hoisted like this was the last thing they had expected.

"It just shows you," said Matt, "how stupid guns are unless you really mean business."

Jerry lowered his victims close to Matt and Mark, who were waiting for them. And he did not lower them gently. He had ideas of his own, did Jerry. and he felt that a heavy drop would be good for everybody.

So it was. By the time they had landed on their heads, Jake and Sam were in no mood for further resistance. In fact, they seemed to be sleeping soundly as Matt and Mark bound them with the cords they had brought with them. The chopper, meanwhile, landed safely with one minute of fuel left, so that Jerry, as he stepped out of it, scratched his head and grinned.

"This means, Sonny," he said, "we've got to bring more fuel out in the truck."

"Who cares about that?" inquired Sonny gleefully. "We've done the job . . . and Skippy's found gold."

When Matt put in his report, a government inspector was soon on the spot, and it was agreed that the find should be worked as long as it lasted for the sake of the Game Reserve. There were lots of things that Chief Ranger Matt Hammond wanted to improve the place, but up to now there had not been the money to buy them. Now, all was altered.

Sonny and Mark received motor scooters suitable for touring around in the bush. Matt received a record player that enabled him to listen to the kind of music he liked, and Jake and Sam received free board and lodging at the State's expense for several years to come.

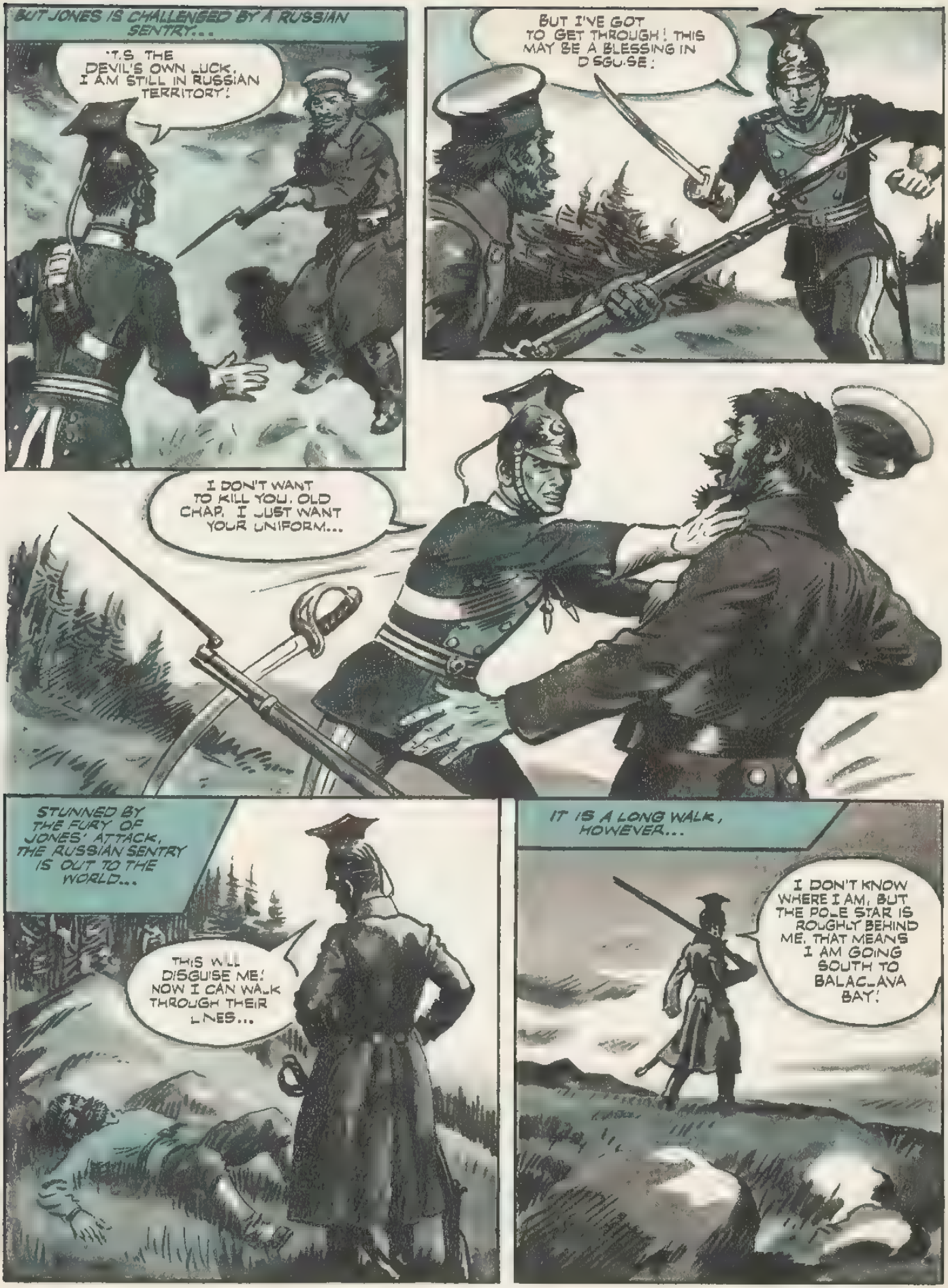
But the happiest of all was Skippy. The little bush kangaroo had been brushed and combed until all the sparkling gold dust had been brushed out of her fur. In Skippy's opinion, this was the best thing that could have happened, for gold dust, though valuable, is as itchy as any other kind of dust.

So the only gold Skippy likes now is the gold of the morning sunlight, which filters through the blue gums and gives that strange light so typical of the Australian bush in which she lives. It is, in her opinion—and also in the opinion of the pals—the finest gold in the world. . . .

Charge of the Light Brigade

"THE NIGHT BEFORE THE BATTLE OF BALACLAVA CORNET JONES, A YOUNG OFFICER OF THE ..TH HUSSARS, IS LEADING A PATROL FROM THE WORONZOFF ROAD INTO ENEMY TERRITORY. THE DATE 25TH OCTOBER, 1854 WHEN BRITISH, FRENCH AND TURKISH TROOPS ARE FIGHTING THE RUSSIANS IN THE CRIMEAN PENINSULA...
STEADY, MEN THERE ARE CAVALRY AHEAD! THE HORSES HAVE SENSED THEIR PRESENCE!
HEAVENS! WE ARE OUTNUMBERED! BUGLER, SOUND THE CHARGE.
AAAAGH!
HAVE AT YE, THEN!
MISSED ME... AH! I'M FALLING!

TARNATION... I'VE S..PPED FROM THE SADDLE!
THE CHARGE GOES ON, BUT JONES IS LEFT BEHIND...
THIS IS A PRETTY PASS FOR ME...UNHORSED AND MY PATROL WITHOUT A LEADER. I HOPE THEY HAVE SENSE ENOUGH TO RETREAT.
I AM IN HIDING FROM THE ENEMY... BUT WHAT SHAME FOR AN OFFICER. AND WHERE THE DEUCE IS THE ENEMY?..
MY ORDERS WERE TO DISCOVER THE ENEMY'S STRENGTH, AND THIS I WILL DO, NO MATTER WHAT!
BY THE GREAT LORD HARRY, THERE ARE THOUSANDS OF THEM! AND WE HAVE ONLY A MERE SIX HUNDRED, NOT COUNTING THE HEAVY BRIGADE...
THIS IS TERRIBLE NEWS. I MUST GET BACK TO HEADQUARTERS BEFORE THE BATTLE!


BUT JONES IS CHALLENGED BY A RUSSIAN SENTRY...
'T.S THE DEVIL'S OWN LUCK, I AM STILL IN RUSSIAN TERRITORY!
BUT I'VE GOT TO GET THROUGH! THIS MAY BE A BLESSING IN D'SGU.SE!
I DON'T WANT TO KILL YOU, OLD CHAP, I JUST WANT YOUR UNIFORM...
STUNNED BY THE FURY OF JONES' ATTACK, THE RUSSIAN SENTRY IS OUT TO THE WORLD...
THIS WILL DISGUISE ME! NOW I CAN WALK THROUGH THEIR LINES...
IT IS A LONG WALK, HOWEVER...
I DON'T KNOW WHERE I AM, BUT THE POLE STAR IS ROUGHLY BEHIND ME. THAT MEANS I AM GOING SOUTH TO BALAC_AVA BAY!

JONES' DISGUISE IS GOOD... TOO GOOD FOR A TURKISH SENTRY...
BY ALLAH! A RUSSIAN!
I SAY, WE'RE ON THE SAME SIDE. OH, HECK! IT'S THIS RUSSIAN GREATCOAT!
THE TURK CALLS OUT THE GUARD...
WHAT FOUL LUCK! THEY THINK I'M A RUSSIAN!
YOU FOLLOW ME, PLEES! WE MUST FND TINGS OUT!
...AND JONES IS TAKEN INTO ONE OF THE TURKISH REDOUBTS...
BUT I TELL YOU I AM A BRITISH OFFICER IN DISGUISE!
BUT YOU MIGHT ALSO BE A RUSSIAN IN DOUBLE DISGUISE - DISGUISE FOR ALL PURPOSES...
FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE TAKE MY NEWS TO BRITISH HEADQUARTERS!
LATER, M'SIEUR, LATER. MEANTIME, WE REGARD YOU AS A RUSSIAN SPY!
THEY DON'T BELIEVE ME, SO WHAT THE HECK DO I DO NOW? SOMEHOW I MUST GET MY NEWS THROUGH BEFORE THE BATTLE...
BUT THE BATTLE HAS ALREADY COMMENCED, FOR THE RUSSIAN GUNS ARE CANNONADING THE TURKISH REDOUBTS...
SHELL-FIRE! THIS MIGHT BE MY CHANCE TO ESCAPE...

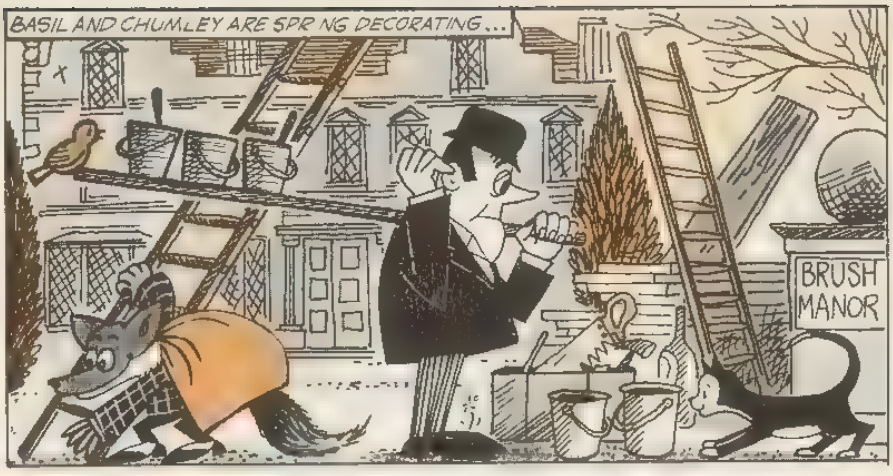
MY LUCK IS CHANGING: I'LL GET OUT ANYWAY!
HEAVENS! THE RUSSIAN HEAVY BRIGADE IS CHARGING!
THIS GREATCOAT WILL HELP ME NOW: THEY WILL NOT CUT DOWN A 'RUSSIAN' INFANTRYMAN!
A HORSE! A HORSE! THAT IS WHAT I NEED, OR I SHALL NEVER BE IN TIME. BUT I WILL NOT ATTACK IN DISGUISE!
HAVING REMOVED HIS GREATCOAT JONES TAKES A MIGHTY LEAP...
OFF THAT HORSE, RUSSKI!
AAAGH!
THE RUSSIAN IS DIS-MOUNTED AND JONES IS READY FOR BATTLE...
MY OWN SWORD AGAIN: THANKS FOR GUARDING IT, SENTRY!

SO JONES GALLOPS BACK TO HIS OWN REGIMENT...
KEEP IT UP, LADDIE! WE'RE NEARLY THERE NOW!
CORNET JONES, MY LORD, REPORTING WITH INFORMATION OF IMPORTANCE.
AND WHAT'S SO IMPORTANT ABOUT YOUR INFORMATION?
RUSSIAN CAVALRY, MY LORD IS MASSED IN THOUSANDS BEHIND THE GUNS AT THE END OF THIS VALLEY.
I SEE NOTHING SERIOUS IN THAT. THE LIGHT BRIGADE IS CHARGING THE GUNS IN THE REDOUBTS ON THE HEIGHTS..
BUT THEY ARE NOT, MY LORD. THEY ARE CHARGING STRAIGHT ALONG THE VALLEY.
GOOD HEAVENS! SOMEONE HAS BLUNDERED!
YES, SOMEONE HAD BLUNDERED! BUT... ALL IN THE VALLEY OF DEATH, RODE THE SIX HUNDRED...

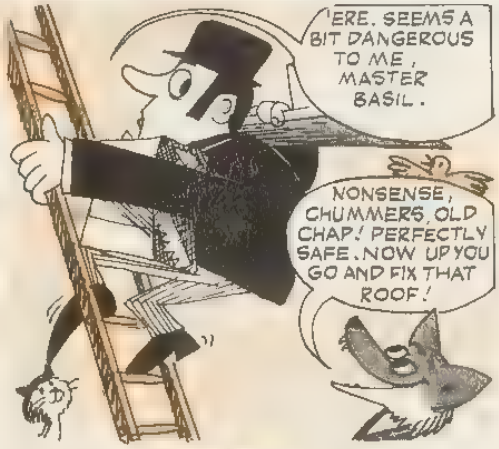
... THEIR'S NOT TO REASON WHY, THEIR'S BUT TO DO AND DIE...
BUT NOW CORNET JONES GOES INTO ACTION...
FORWARD, MEN! WE CANNOT ALTER THE BLUNDER, BUT WE WILL CHARGE THOSE GUNS ON THE HEIGHTS...
CANNON TO RIGHT OF THEM, CANNON TO LEFT OF THEM, CANNON IN FRONT OF THEM YOLLEYED AND THUNDER'D...
KEEP GOING, MEN! THIS IS WHAT HIS LORDSHIP REALLY INTENDED...

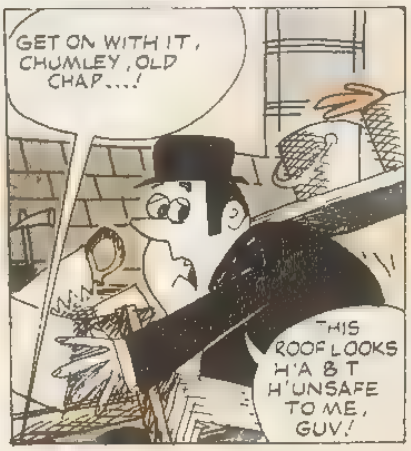
THAT SPOILS YOU AS A GUNNER, ANYWAY!
AAAGH!
THE GUNNERS FLEE FROM THE CHARGE...
WE'VE ROUTED 'EM MEN! WHAT ABOUT THOSE IN THE VALLEY.
... BUT THERE ARE VERY FEW LEFT OF THE SIX HUNDRED AS THEY RETURN DOWN THE VALLEY OF DEATH...
I COULD NOT SAVE THEM ALL. BUT I HAVE SAVED SOME OF THEM!
D.C.E.

Basil Brush


BASIL AND CHUMLEY ARE SPR NG DECORATING...
BRUSH MANOR

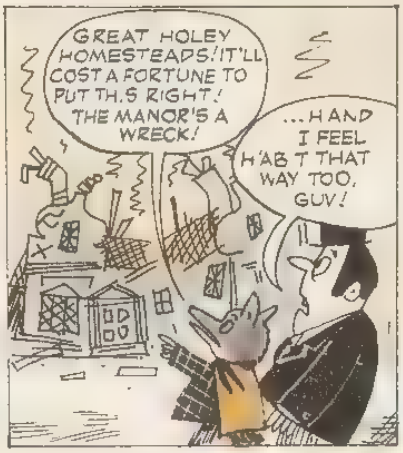
WE LL SAVE MONEY DOING THE DECORAT NG OURSELVES CHUMLEY. IT'S EASY!


'ERE. SEEMS A BIT DANGEROUS TO ME, MASTER BASIL.
NONSENSE, CHUMMERS, OLD CHAP! PERFECTLY SAFE. NOW UP YOU GO AND FIX THAT ROOF!

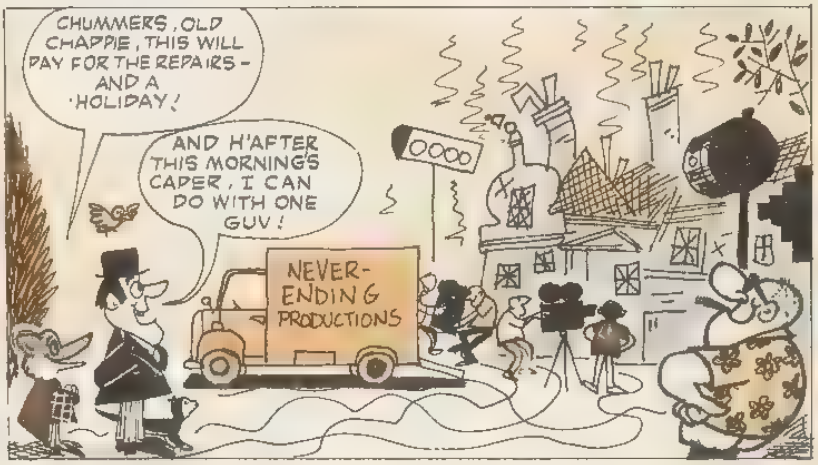

GET ON WITH IT, CHUMLEY, OLD CHAP...!
THIS ROOF LOOKS H'A B T H'UNSAFE TO ME, GUV!

GREAT, BUMBLING BUTLERS .. WHAT ARE YOU DOING, CHUMLEY?
I M H'AFRA D, I'M FALLING THROUGH THE... YEOOOOOOW!

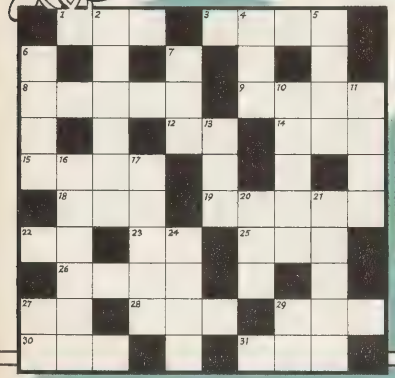
KERASH!


GREAT HOLEY HOMESTEADS! IT'LL COST A FORTUNE TO PUT TH S RIGHT! THE MANOR'S A WRECK!
...H AND I FEEL H'AB T THAT WAY TOO, GUV!

SAY, THIS IS IT! JUST THE SETTING I NEED FOR THE BATTLE SCENE IN MY NEW FILM. WILL YOU RENT IT FOR A FEW WEEKS?
EH? F LM? IF MY JOLLY OLD EARS DIDN'T DE-CEIVE ME, THE GENTLEMAN SAID RENT, CHUMLEY?
I'M 'APPY TO SAY YOU'RE 'EARING'S PERFECT, MASTER BASIL!


CHUMMERS, OLD CHAPPIE, THIS WILL PAY FOR THE REPAIRS - AND A HOLIDAY!
AND H'AFTER THIS MORNING'S CAPER, I CAN DO WITH ONE GUV!
NEVER-ENDING PRODUCTIONS

MY MIGHTY PICTURE WORD PUZZLE



CLUES DOWN

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CLUES ACROSS

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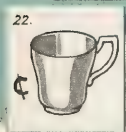

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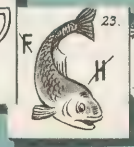

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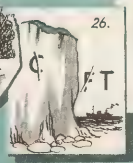

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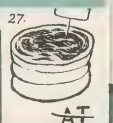

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29.

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ARTHUR!
ARTHUR! YOU REALLY MUST GET YOUR HAIR CUT TODAY! IT'S LOOKING A DISGRACE.
YOU KNOW WHAT A BUSY KING I AM DEAR – LET ME LOOK IN MY DIARY!
NO! I CAN'T MAKE IT TODAY – I HAVE TO DO BATTLE WITH BARON BROADBOW AT 10:30 SHARP!
DIARY
IF YOU HURRY YOU MIGHT JUST HAVE TIME FOR A SHORT BACK AND SIDES.
I'LL TRY!
SO, TO THE ROYAL BARBER'S...
JUST A QUICK ONE, BARBER!
CERTAINLY, SIRE. LET ME REMOVE THY CROWN!
REMOVE MY CROWN? NEVER! WHILE I AM KING THIS CROWN WILL NEVER LEAVE MY ROYAL BONCE!
OH, DEAR. THEN I SHALL HAVE TO CUT YOUR HAIR WITH YOUR CROWN ON!
BARON BROADBOW AND HIS TROOPS APPROACH, O KING!
B.. BUT, SIRE I HAVEN'T CUT YOUR HAIR YET!
NO TIME NOW! I MUST BE OFF TO BATTLE!

Based on the Thames Television series

10-30 SHARP...
FORWARD, MEN!
ARTHUR'S HAIR LOOKS IN A MESS TODAY!
I WILL GET THEE, ARTHUR.
SWISH!
SWISH!
SWIPE!
TAKE THAT!
OUCH!
THEY FLEE! WE'VE WON!
LATER...
DID YOU HAVE A NICE BATTLE ARTHUR?
IT WAS GRAND! AND I HAD A FREE HAIRCUT TOO!

DOCTOR WHO

THE YEAR IS 2,208 AND THE ELECTRODES POP GROUP ARE HURRYING TO THE GLASS BOWL THEATRE WHERE THEY ARE DUE TO GIVE A CONCERT TO THOUSANDS OF THEIR FANS IN AN HOUR'S TIME...

I'LL TAKE HER UP TO 180 M.P.H.

STEP ON IT, FUZZ! WE DON'T WANT TO BE LATE FOR THE SHOW!

WHAT ON EARTH IS THAT THING AMONGST THOSE TREES?

IT APPEARED FROM NOWHERE!

I SHOULDN'T HAVE TAKEN MY EYES OFF THE ROAD... WE'RE OUT OF CONTROL!

LOOK THERE! THAT CAR HAS CRASHED AND IT'S MY FAULT. THE TARDIS MUST'VE SCARED THE LIFE OUT OF THEM!

SPLUTTER

CHOKE

I DON'T THINK THEY'RE TOO BADLY HURT.. LET'S GET THEM OUT!

THE SPACE TRAVELLERS SOON HELP THE POP STARS OUT OF THEIR VEHICLE...

WELL AT LEAST THE INSTRUMENTS ARE ALL RIGHT!

THIS IS TERRIBLE! WE'LL NEVER REACH THE GLASS BOWL IN TIME NOW ... THOUSANDS OF OUR FANS WILL BE DISAPPOINTED!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT YOUR FANS! MY COMPANIONS AND I CAN GET YOU TO THE GLASS BOWL IN TIME!

I CAN'T SEE HOW YOU'RE GOING TO DO IT! BUT WE'D BE MOST GRATEFUL FOR YOUR HELP!

© BBC tv 1968

SO THE DOCTOR, JOHN AND GILLIAN ENTER THE TARDIS AND RETURN WITH A SURPRISE...
AS LONG AS YOU KNOW IN WHICH DIRECTION TO FLY THESE ROCKET PACKS WILL GET US ALL TO THE GLASS BOWL IN TIME FOR THE SHOW!
ZOWEE! YOU'RE A REAL WIZARD, PAL! COME ALONG AS OUR GUESTS!
MINUTES LATER..
WE COULD DO WITH YOU AS OUR ROAD MANAGER! WHAT D'YA SAY?...
WELL I'LL TAKE THE JOB FOR A LITTLE WHILE, FUZZ!
GOOD SHOW!
MEANWHILE, AT THE FABULOUS GLASS BOWL AUDITORIUM...
WE WANT THE ELECTRODES!
YEEEEK! YEEEEK!
THESE KIDS WILL GO MAD IF THE ELECTRODES DON'T TURN UP... THEY'RE DUE ON STAGE IN TWO MINUTES!
YOU'VE DONE VERY WELL TO GET US HERE ON TIME! FROM NOW ON YOU CAN HANDLE OUR AFFAIRS FOR AS LONG AS YOU LIKE!
OKAY! I'LL DO WHAT I CAN!
FUZZ LEADS ALL THE FLIERS DOWN THROUGH A VENTILATING HOLE IN THE ROOF OF THE GLASS BOWL...
YEEK! IT'S THEM! OH, FUZZ! FUZZ!
WOW! WHAT AN ENTRANCE ... THE ELECTRODES HAVE MADE IT ON TIME!
MINUTES LATER...
...TALK ABOUT THE PLACES I HAVE BEEN...
... TELL ABOUT THE FACES I HAVE SEEN!
YES! IT'LL BE FUN TO MANAGE THEM!
THEY'RE GREAT!

BETWEEN SHOWS THE GROUP CHAT TO THE DOCTOR IN THEIR DRESSING ROOM...
HOW IS IT THAT A TALENTED GROUP LIKE YOU HAVEN'T A MANAGER ALREADY?
WE DID HAVE ONE, DOC... BUT HE TRIED TO DIDDLE US OUT OF NEARLY ALL OUR MONEY SO WE HAD TO ASK HIM TO GO!
IN FACT HE THREATENED OUR LIVES AND SAID THAT SOONER OR LATER HE WOULD GET EVEN!
WE GET SCARED EVERYTIME WE GO ON STAGE IN CASE SOMEONE TAKES A POT-SHOT AT US!
TO STAGE
DON'T WORRY! WHILE YOU'RE ON STAGE FOR THIS LAST SHOW I'LL KEEP A CLOSE WATCH ON THE AUDIENCE FOR ANY SNIPERS!
WE'D BE VERY GRATEFUL, DOC!
SO, DURING THE ELECTRODES LAST PERFORMANCE AT THE GLASS BOWL...
CAN'T SEE ANYTHING SUSPICIOUS ...NOBODY APPEARS TO BE CONCEALING A GUN!
WAIT THOUGH! THERE'S A WIRE LEADING FROM THEIR SPEAKERS AND DOWN THE AISLE INTO THE AUDIENCE!
THERE! THAT MUST BE THE ELECTRODES' OLD MANAGER! HE'S GOING TO BLOW THEIR AMPLIFIERS UP... THE BLAST WILL KILL THE GROUP!

WE MUST LIFT THEM OFF STAGE... I'LL GRAB MUFF AND FUZZ YOU SNATCH THE OTHER TWO!
EH?
THOSE INTERFERING CHARACTERS ARE TOO LATE TO SAVE THE ELECTRODES... I'LL BLAST THE AMPLIFIER APART NOW!
GREAT POWERS! WE'RE JUST CLEAR! ... ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, FUZZ?
THERE GOES YOUR MANAGER... I'LL STOP HIM LEAVING THE GLASS BOWL!
WE'RE SAFE, NOW, DOC. THANKS TO YOU... DO YOUR BEST TO CATCH HIM!
LATER, WITH THE EVIL MANAGER BEHIND BARS AND A SUCCESSFUL PLANET-WIDE TOUR COMPLETED, THE ELECTRODES AND DR. WHO PART...
I THINK THE AUTHORITIES WILL WANT A WORD WITH YOU ... COME QUIETLY!
OKAY! OKAY! ... I'LL COME QUIETLY, JUST DON'T DROP ME THAT'S ALL!
WELL MY FRIENDS! YOU'RE IN NO DANGER, YOU HAVE A NEW STATION WAGON AND YOU ARE PERFECTLY CAPABLE OF MANAGING YOURSELVES, SO FAREWELL AND GOOD LUCK!
GOODBYE, DOC! THANKS FOR EVERYTHING!
YOU CAN HAVE YOUR JOB BACK WHENEVER YOU LIKE!

Larry Harmon's
Laurel & Hardy
PHEW! I'M GLAD WE'VE FINISHED FOR THE DAY!
WHY?.. ALL WE'VE GOT TO LOOK FORWARD TO IS THAT DREARY BASEMENT WE'RE LIVING IN!
OH, NO! OUR NOISY BEATNIK NEIGHBOURS ARE PLAYING THEIR GUITARS AGAIN!
LATER... I WISH WE HAD MONEY.. RICH PEOPLE DON'T HAVE GUITAR TWANGING BEATNIKS NEXT DOOR!
GROAN!
SHUT UP!
THUMP
THUMP
HEY!... THAT GUY ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WALL IS GIVING OUT WITH A CRAZY BEAT!
NEXT MORNING...
I'M SO TIRED... THANKS TO THE BEATNIKS I DIDN'T GET A WINK OF SLEEP!
WE CAN'T TAKE THIS FOR MUCH LONGER, OLLIE!
THEN OLLIE FINDS SOMETHING IN THE GUTTER...
STANLEY.. OUR PROBLEMS ARE OVER! I'VE FOUND A PENNY BLACK STAMP.. THEY'RE WORTH A FORTUNE!
NOW WE CAN AFFORD TO LIVE IN A SWANKY APARTMENT!
STAMP DEALER
WHOOPEE! UNDISTURBED SLEEP AT LAST
THAT NIGHT..
SLEEP WELL, STANLEY!
YOU TOO OLLIE!
OH, NO! WHAT'S GOING ON?
WE'VE JUST MADE OUR FIRST HIT RECORD SO WE BOUGHT THIS PENTHOUSE! HA! HA!
JUST OUR LUCK!

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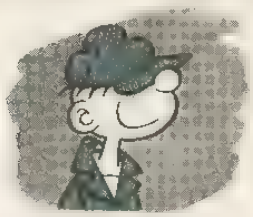
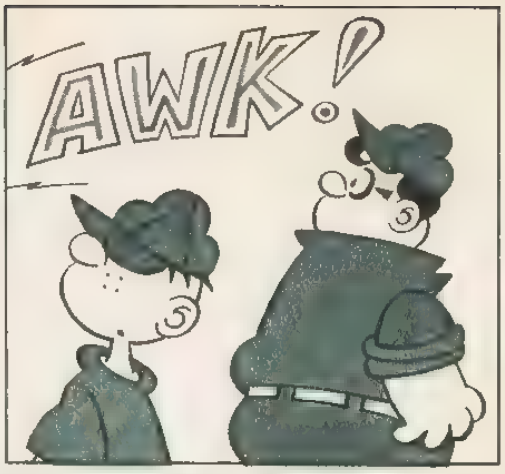
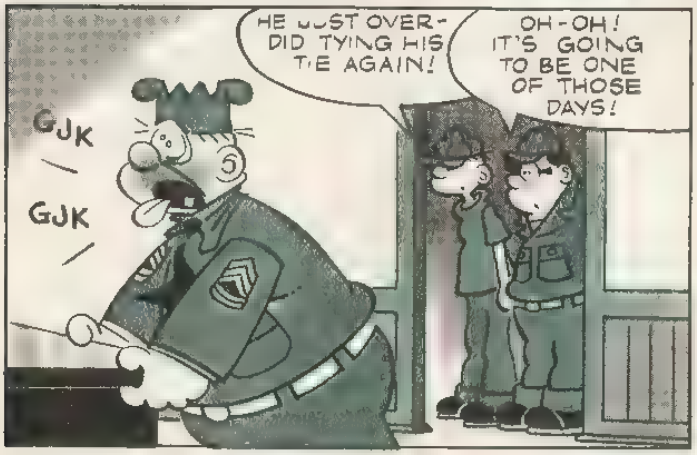
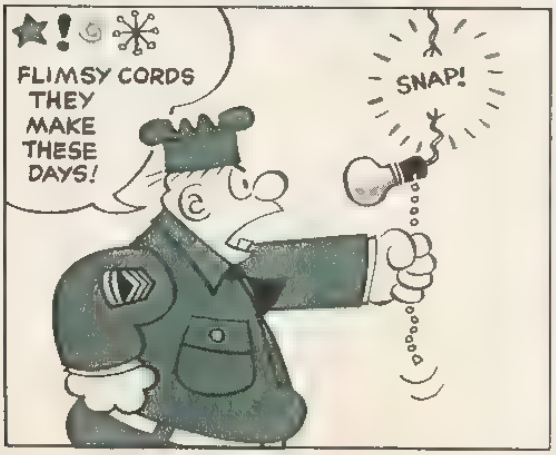
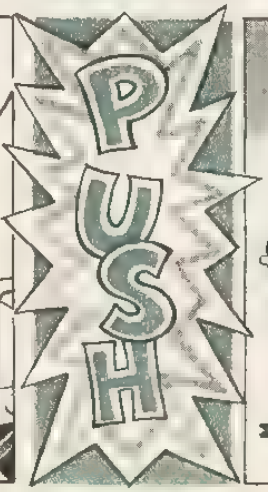
BEETLE BAILEY

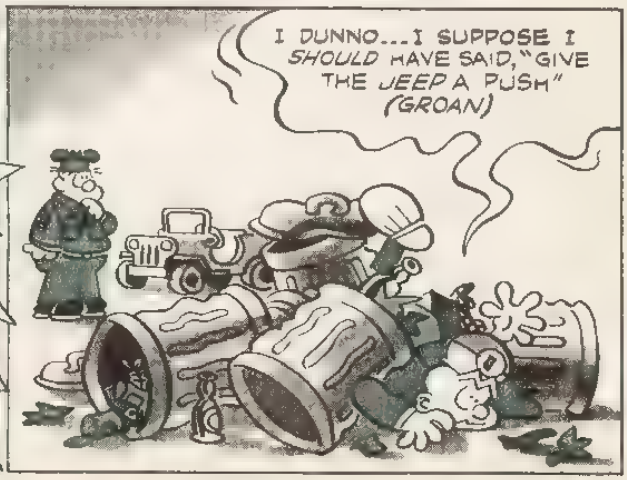












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MIGHTY MOTH
HA! HA! HA! HO! HO! HO!
I'VE GOT TO GET RID OF THAT MOTH! I CAN'T EVEN READ IN PEACE!
IT SAYS HERE THAT MOTHS CAN'T LAST IN HOT COUNTRIES – THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA.
PACK YOUR BAGS, MIGHTY MOTH!
WHY? WHERE ARE WE GOING, DAD?
I'VE DEC DED WE NEED ADVENTURE. YOU SPEND TOO MUCH TIME GLUED TO THAT TV SET. WE'RE GOING TO WALK ACROSS THE SAHARA DESERT.
OKAY, DAD!
SO...
THIS IS THE LIFE. NOW WE CAN SEE THE WORLD!
ALL I CAN SEE IS SAND!
AN HOUR LATER...
ER... HOW DO YOU FEEL, MOTHY?
FINE!
ANOTHER HOUR...
I BET YOU FEEL AWFUL NOW, EH?
NO, I FEEL GREAT, DAD!
YET ANOTHER HOUR...
SURELY YOU FEEL THIRSTY NOW? (GASP!)
NO, DAD. I FEEL SUPER!
UNTIL...
WATER. I MUST HAVE WATER.
MOTHY! (PANT!) I CAN'T GO ON! (GASP!) YOU'VE GOTTA HELP ME!
OH, STOP MOANING! I THOUGHT YOU WANTED ADVENTURE!

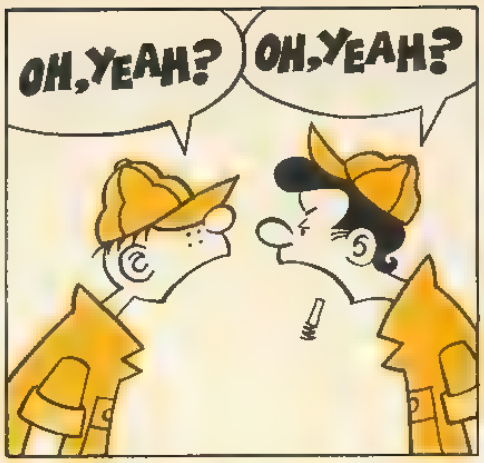
I SUPPOSE I'D BETTER DIG TO SEE IF I CAN FIND WATER. ANYTHING TO KEEP HIM QUIET.
GROAN! MOAN!
HOW ARE YOU GETTING ON?
COUGH! SPLUTTER!
JUST BE PATIENT! I CAN HEAR GURGLING DOWN THERE.
SUDDENLY...
SWOOSH!
G...GOSH.
WE'VE STRUCK OIL!
I DON'T WANT OIL, (GASP!). I WANT WATER!
I GIVE YOU £5,000 FOR THAT OIL WELL!
MONEY'S NO GOOD TO ME - I'M THIRSTY!
I SELL YOU THIS BOTTLE OF WATER FOR £5,000
DONE!
BACK HOME...
£5,000 AND I BLEW THE LOT FOR A DRINK. JUST THINK OF ALL THE ANTI-MOTH GADGETS I COULD HAVE BOUGHT WITH THAT MONEY!
STOP GROUSING AND HAVE ANOTHER GLASS OF WATER! HA! HA! HA!

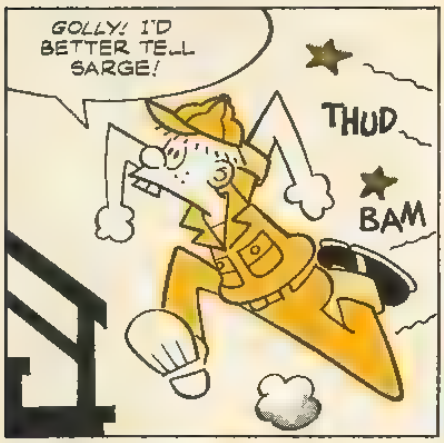
ARTHUR!
YAAGH! CAMELOT IS BECOMING TOO NOISY! I CANNOT HEAR YONDER LUTE PLAYER LOOTING!
CLATTER
RUMBLE
CLATTER
'T.S THE WOODEN WHEELS OF THE CARTS ON COBBLED STONES THAT MAKE ALL THE NOISE, ARTHUR!
CLATTER
RUMBLE
CLATTER
SEND FOR MY MINISTER OF TRANSPORT!
CLATTER
AT ONCE, SIRE!
SO...
YOU CALLED ME, SIRE?
JUST LISTEN TO THE TRAFFIC NOISE! DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT OR YOU'RE OUT OF A JOB.
RUMBLE
WHAT WE NEED S A DEVCE FOR MEASURING THE SOUND OF EACH CART! IF IT'S TOO LOUD ,T'S THEN BANNED FROM THE KNGS HGHWAY!
I KNOW WHEN A CART S TOO NO.SY — USE ME.
SO...
TOO NOISY! TAKE IT OFF THE ROAD!
CLATTER
CLATTER

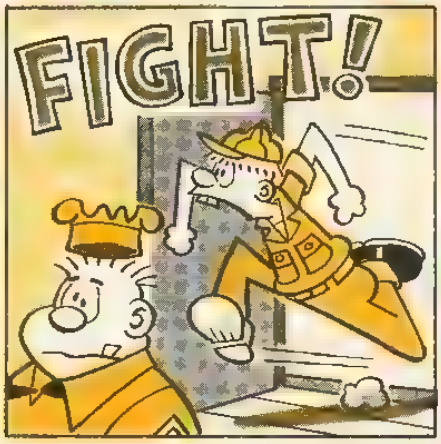
Based on the Thames Television series

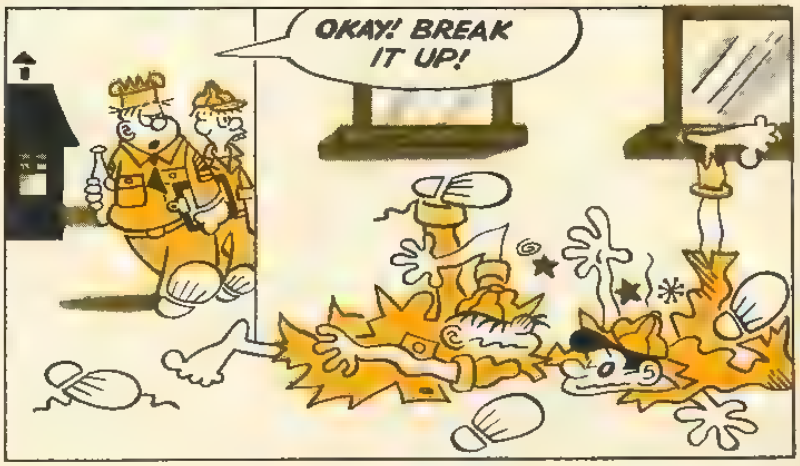
LATER...
PEACE AT LAST! I'VE ORDERED ALL THE CARTS OFF THE ROAD!
BUT...
OH NO! MORE NOISE!
'TIS THE PEASANTS, SIRE! THEY'RE REVOLTING!
RHUBARB
RHUBARB
SILENCE! 'TIS I, YOUR NOBLE KING
WHAT ABOUT OUR CARTS, THEN?
BOO!
HISS!
QUIET YOU 'ORRIBLE LOT!
THAT'S BETTER. I HAVE SOLVED THE TRAFFIC NOISE PROBLEM. I HAVE INVENTED A SILENT WHEEL. IT'S JUST SPOKES WITH CARPET SLIPPERS ON THE END!
THAT NIGHT...
THE KING IS RIGHT: HIS WHEEL IS SILENT!
NOW I'VE ROBBED HIS PALACE I'LL MAKE A QUIET GETAWAY!
NEXT MORNING...
I'VE BEEN ROBBED!
WAIL! SOB! MOAN!
NOW CAMELOT'S NOISIER THAN EVER!

BEETLE BAILEY









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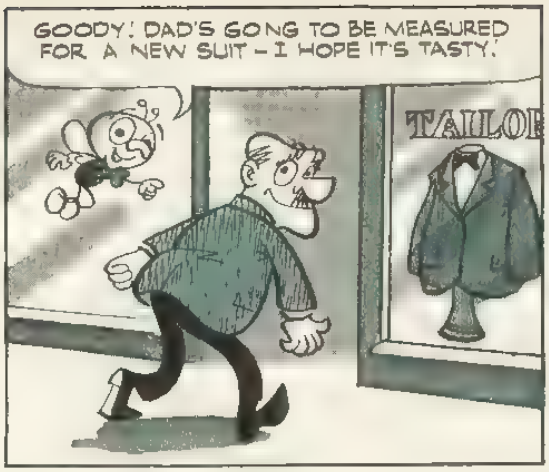
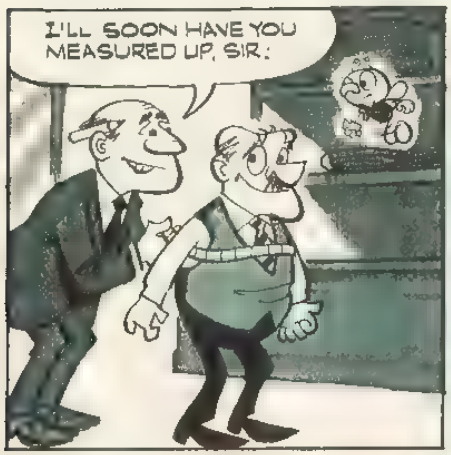
TV Terrors

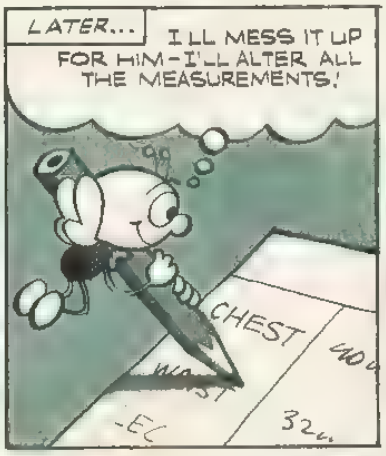
BEING A DOORMAN ISN'T AS EASY AS YOU LOT THINK!
HUH! I BET I COULD DO IT!
IF YOU THINK IT'S SO EASY YOU CAN CHANGE CLOTHES WITH ME AND JOLLY WELL TRY!
ALL RIGHT-- I WILL!
GOOD OLD CUTHBERT!
SO, A FEW MINUTES LATER...
I FEEL GREAT.
SO DO I!
HA! HA! HA!
HE! HE! HE!
NOW YOU TRY AND GET PAST ME, HOPPIT!
OKAY!
HE! HE! HE!
THIS IS WHERE YOU GET THE BOOT, HOPPIT... YIKE!
WOW! HOPPIT'S BOOT WAS TOO BIG FOR CUTHBERT... IT'S COME OFF!
WHIZZ!
OH NO! THE BOOT HAS BROKEN MRS. GREWSOME'S WINDOW... SHE'S A NASTY SCHOOLMISTRESS!
KERASH!
TINKLE! TINKLE!
INSIDE THE HOUSE...
EEERG! SOMEONE'S BROKEN MY WINDOW. I'LL BET SOME SNIVELLING SCHOOLBOY IS RESPONSIBLE!
WHOSE BOOT WAS IT THAT BROKE MY WINDOW?
HIS, MRS. GREWSOME!
WAIL! SOB! BLUBBER!
WHACK! WHACK!
TAKE THAT AND THAT...
I BET HOPPIT WISHES HE HADN'T COMPLAINED ABOUT BEING A DOORMAN NOW! HA! HA!
HAW! HAW! HAW!

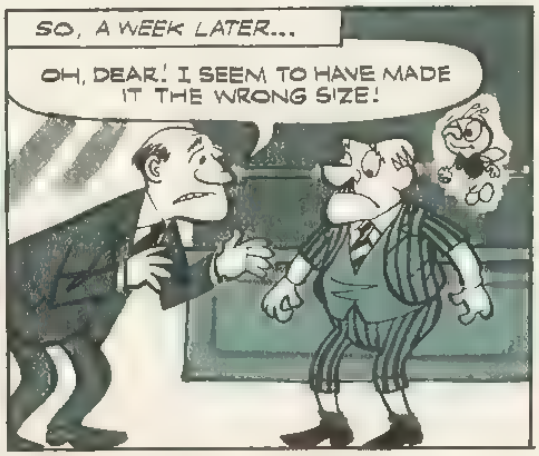
MIGHTY MOTH

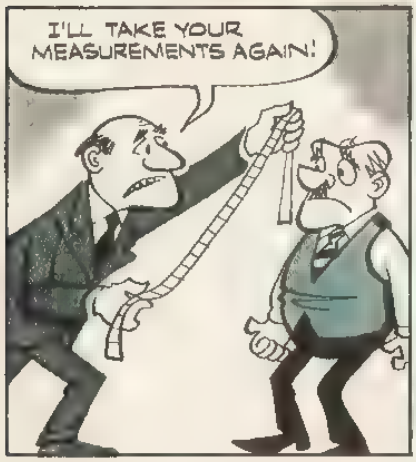

GOODY! DAD'S GOING TO BE MEASURED FOR A NEW SUIT – I HOPE IT'S TASTY!
TAILOR

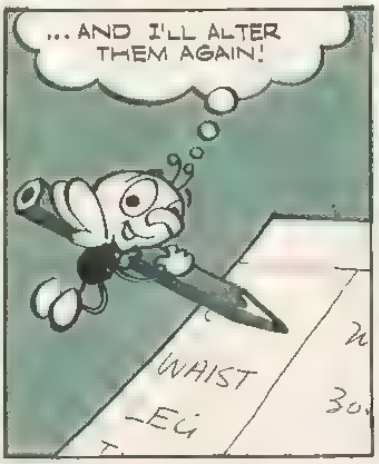
HARD LUCK, MOTHY! MY NEW SUIT WILL BE MADE OF MOTH PROOF MATERIAL!

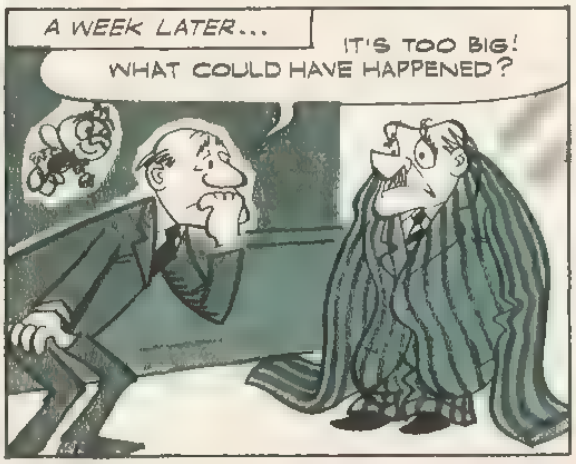

I'LL SOON HAVE YOU MEASURED UP, SIR.


LATER...
I'LL MESS IT UP FOR HIM – I'LL ALTER ALL THE MEASUREMENTS!
CHEST
40
32

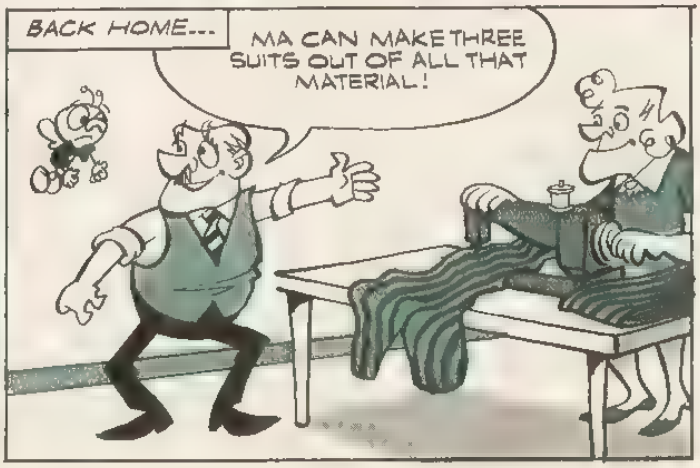

SO, A WEEK LATER...
OH, DEAR! I SEEM TO HAVE MADE IT THE WRONG SIZE!


I'LL TAKE YOUR MEASUREMENTS AGAIN!


... AND I'LL ALTER THEM AGAIN!
WAIST
30


A WEEK LATER...
IT'S TOO BIG! WHAT COULD HAVE HAPPENED?

DON'T WORRY, I'LL TAKE IT! HERE'S THE MONEY!
EH?


BACK HOME...
MA CAN MAKE THREE SUITS OUT OF ALL THAT MATERIAL!

POPEYE
WHEEEE! I SURE IS HOT!
THE DESERT IS SURE A STRANGE PLACE FER A SAILOR!
BUT I LIKE IT!
IT IS JUST LIKE A BIG DRIED-UP OCEAN!
YOUR BROTHER'S RANCH IS SWELL, BUT IT IS ARFULL HOT AND DRY!
YOU SHOULD BE HERE IN THE SUMMER!
LOOK! A CLOUD!
WHEEEEE!
OH, BOY.
WHAT'S HE DOING?
HE MUST BE CHASING SUMPIN'! HE IS RUNNIN' AROUND IN CIRCLES!
PLINK
?
?
?
WELL, THE RAINY SEASON IS OVER FOR ANOTHER YEAR!

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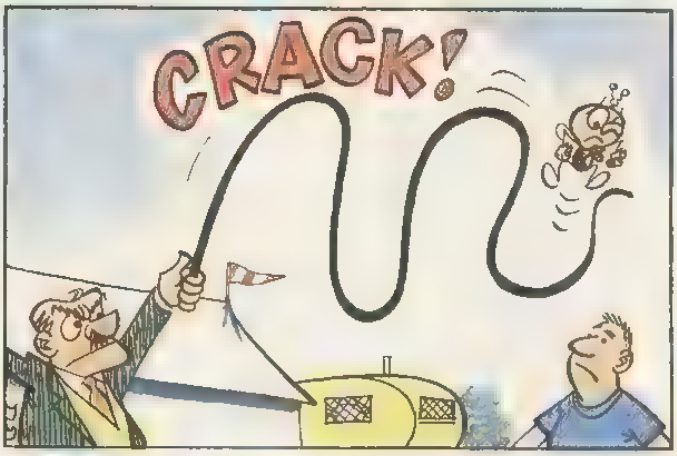
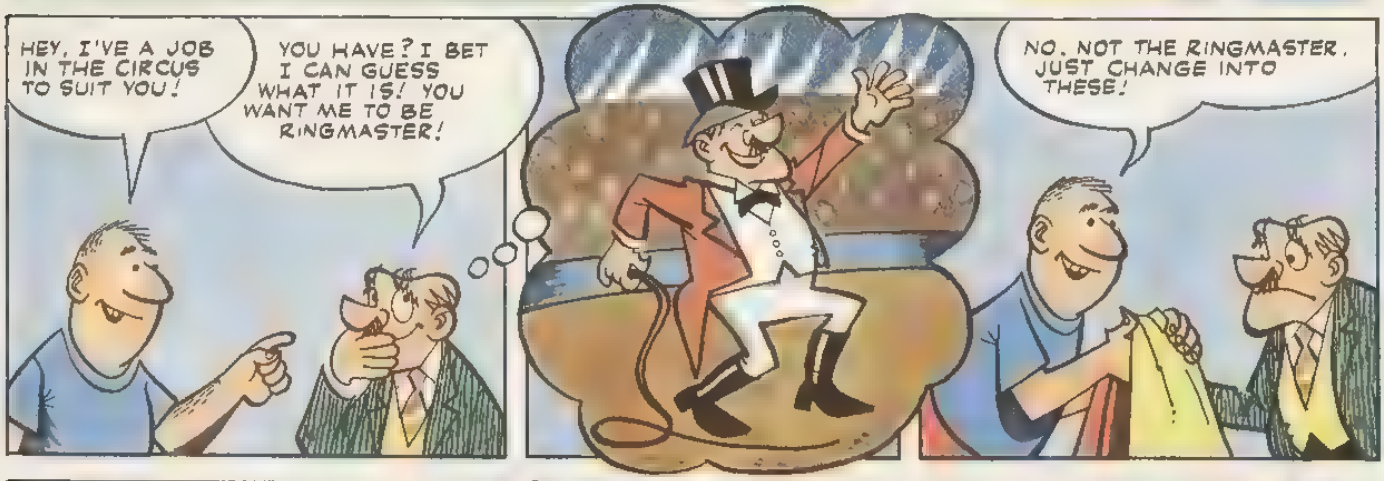
T.V.C.A.—F

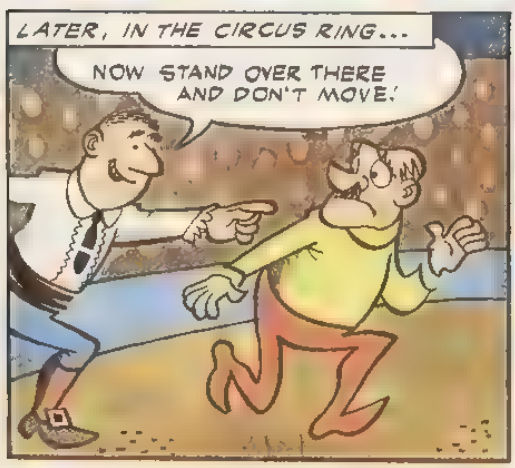
MIGHTY MOTH

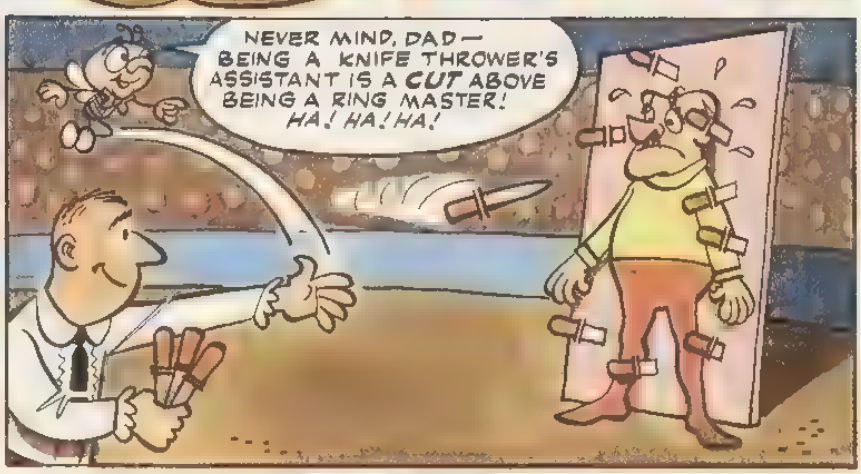
C'MERE YOU!
I'LL HIDE AMONG THE CIRCUS TENTS!
THIS WHIP WILL COME IN HANDY!

CRACK!
EEK!

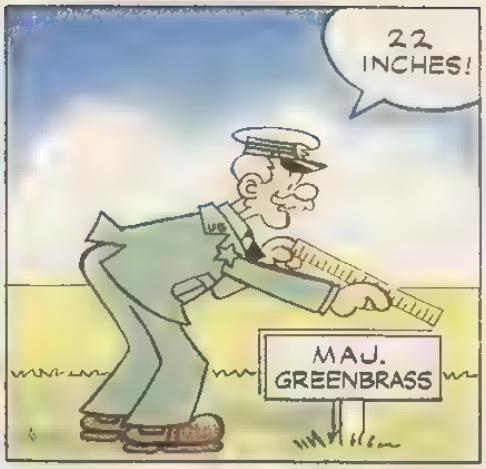

CRACK!

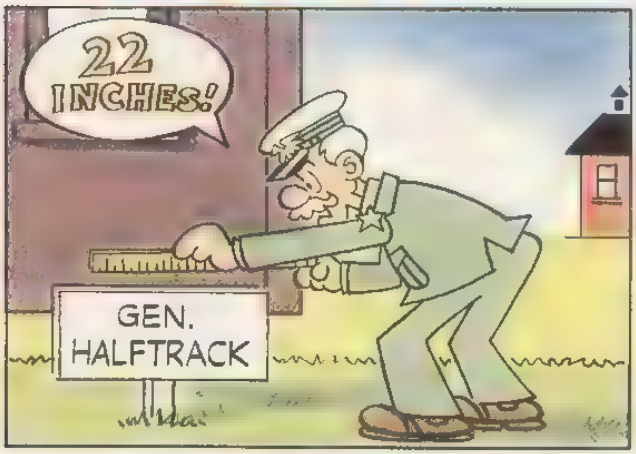

HEY, I'VE A JOB IN THE CIRCUS TO SUIT YOU!
YOU HAVE? I BET I CAN GUESS WHAT IT IS! YOU WANT ME TO BE RINGMASTER!
NO. NOT THE RINGMASTER. JUST CHANGE INTO THESE!

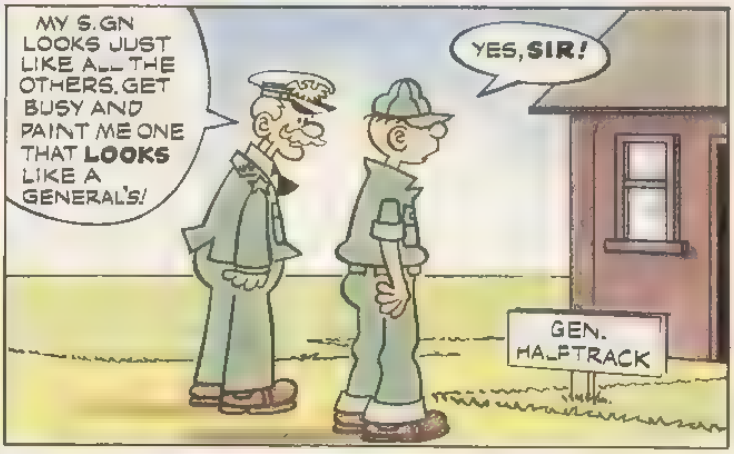

LATER, IN THE CIRCUS RING...
NOW STAND OVER THERE AND DON'T MOVE!

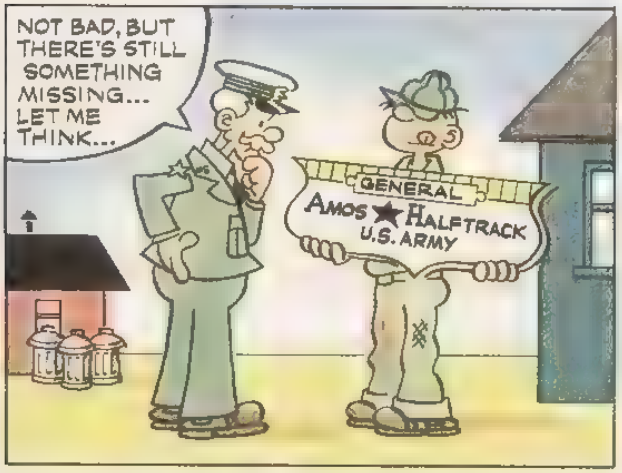

NEVER MIND, DAD— BEING A KNIFE THROWER'S ASSISTANT IS A CUT ABOVE BEING A RING MASTER! HA! HA! HA!

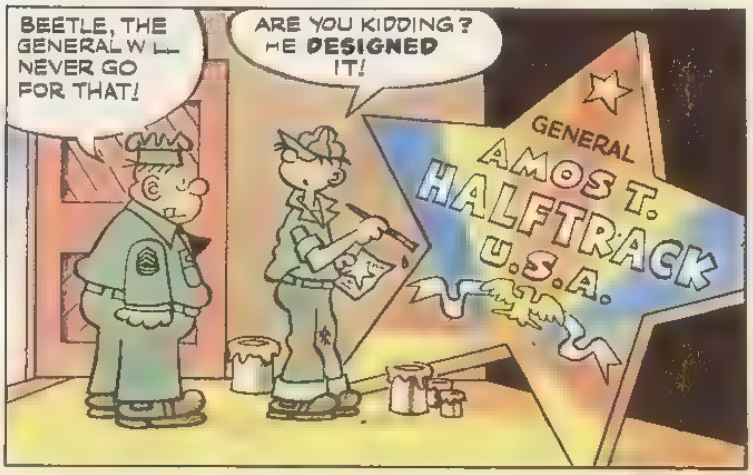
BEETLE BAILEY











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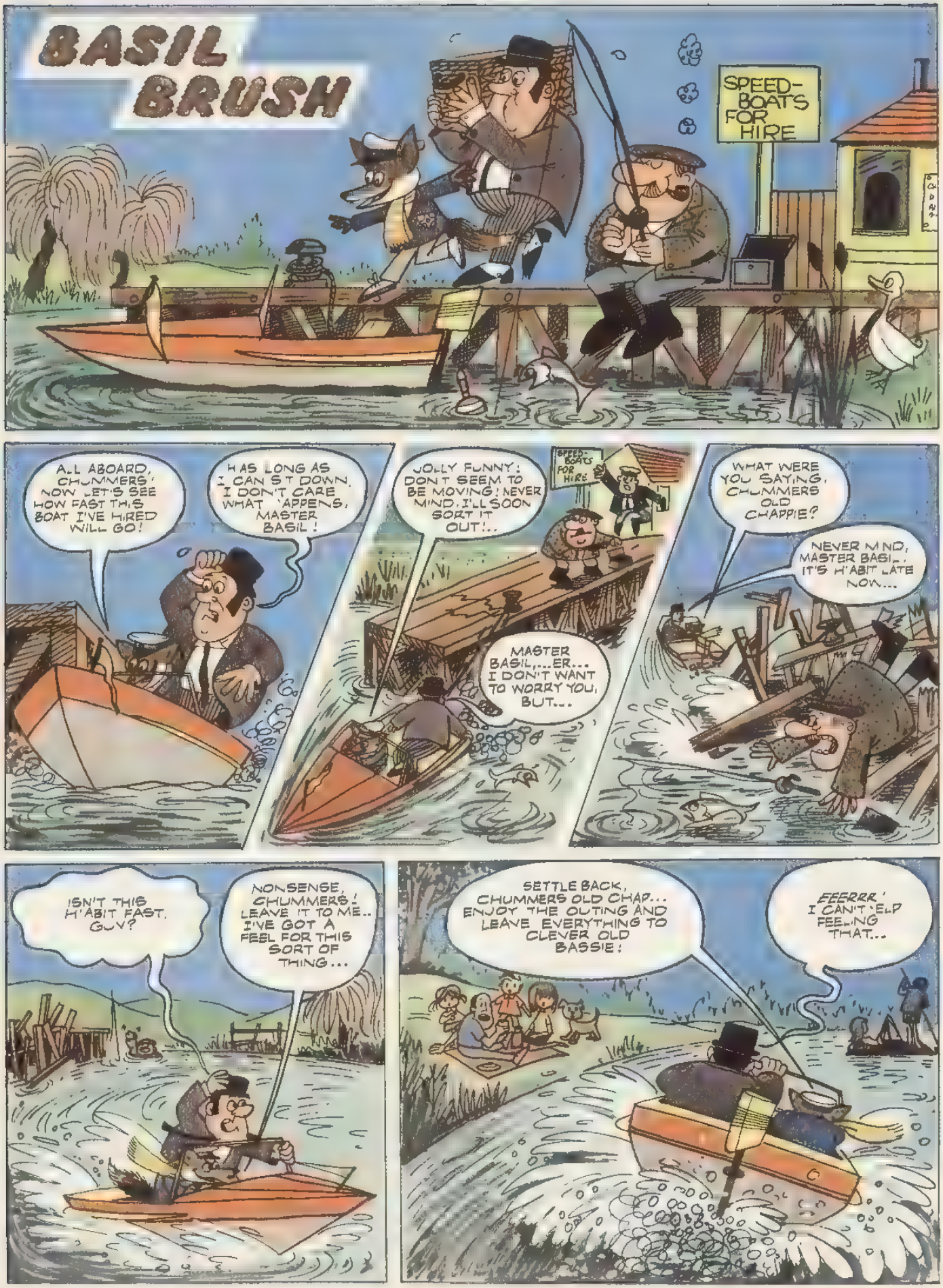

BASIL BRUSH
SPEED-BOATS FOR HIRE
ALL ABOARD, CHUMMERS! NOW LET'S SEE HOW FAST THIS BOAT I'VE HIRED WILL GO!
HAS LONG AS I CAN SIT DOWN, I DON'T CARE WHAT 'APPENS, MASTER BASIL!
JOLLY FUNNY: DON'T SEEM TO BE MOVING! NEVER MIND, I'LL SOON SORT IT OUT!..
SPEED-BOATS FOR HIRE
MASTER BASIL,...ER... I DON'T WANT TO WORRY YOU, BUT...
WHAT WERE YOU SAYING, CHUMMERS OLD CHAPPIE?
NEVER MIND, MASTER BASIL, IT'S H'ABIT LATE NOW...
ISN'T THIS H'ABIT FAST, GUV?
NONSENSE, CHUMMERS! LEAVE IT TO ME.. I'VE GOT A FEEL FOR THIS SORT OF THING...
SETTLE BACK, CHUMMERS OLD CHAP... ENJOY THE OUTING AND LEAVE EVERYTHING TO CLEVER OLD BASSIE!
EEERRR, I CAN'T 'ELP FEELING THAT...

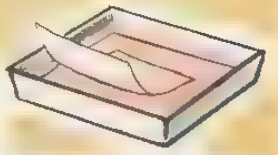
PLENTY OF SAILORS IN THE FAMILY DON'T YOU KNOW. STARTED WITH BLACKBEARD BRUSH. YES, WE BRUSHES LOVE THE WATER!
WELL GUV, I BET H'I KNOW SOME PEOPLE WHO DON'T!
WELL I JOLLY NEVER! SWIMMING WITH THEIR CLOTHES ON...THE WATER MUST BE COLD.
MASTER BASIL! THE PUNT! LOOK OUT!
GET OUT OF THE WAY! FULL ASTERN! HARD TO STARBOARD! ERRR... ABANDON SHIP!
YES, GUV. THAT SEEMS THE BEST SUGGESTION!
SEE THAT, CHUMMERS? CUT RIGHT ACROSS ME BOW...SOME JOLLY OLD PEOPLE HAVE NO IDEA ABOUT BOATING!
OOOER... I'M NOT WELL!
NO DOUBT ABOUT IT! WE BRUSHES KNOW ABOUT BOATS...HALLO! SOMEONE'S DAMAGED THE JETTY!
H'IT'S A LONG STORY, MASTER BASIL, BUT...
MY WORD! THESE PEOPLE LOOK A TRIFLE UPSET...
THAT'S WHAT I'M TRYING TO H'EXPLAIN, GUV...
THERE HE IS!..SPEED CRAZY! RUINED OUR DAY!
THROW H'IM INTO THE WATER. MAKE H'IM PAY. HE SOAKED US!
SINCE YOU ENJOY BOATING SO MUCH YOU CAN SPEND THE AFTERNOON TAKING US FOR A TRIP.
ERRR! YES! DELIGHTED! YES! ALL ABOARD EVERYONE!
I DON'T REALISE THEY MEANT ME TO ROW THEM ABOUT FOR THE AFTERNOON!
NEVER MIND, MASTER BASIL. ONLY ANOTHER HOUR.... AND YOU KNOW HOW YOU LIKE BOATING ... HA! HA! HA!

HOW

How did the toby jug get its name?

THIS kind of jug looks like a squat old man in 18th century dress. The name comes from a poem written in 1761 about 'Toby Philpot', adapted from the Latin by Francis Fawkes. Ralph Wood, a potter, bought a print from a London print seller, Carrington Bowles, and took the design for the jug from it. The name Toby Jug seemed to fit well. Toby Jugs took many forms; for example, the Night Watchman; the Drunken Parson pouring liquor; Lord Howe, made to commemorate the Admiral's victory over the French in 1749. As the jugs became popular, almost every factory in Staffordshire made them. Now they are copied all over the world, even in Japan. But the genuine specimens have the mark "R. Wood" or "Ra Wood", or "Ra Wood Burslem".

How to make a weather picture



1. Dissolve a spoonful of cobalt chloride and half that amount of cooking salt in water.
2. Dip a sheet of clean white blotting paper, about 6 inches by 4 inches in the solution, and lay it to dry on a piece of thick card cut slightly larger.
3. Draw, paint and cut out a simple frame and silhouette.
4. Mount them together like this.

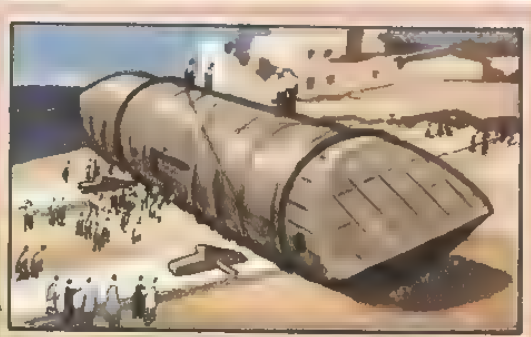
When the atmosphere is dry the sky will appear blue. In wet weather the sky will turn pink.

How Cleopatra's needle was brought to England

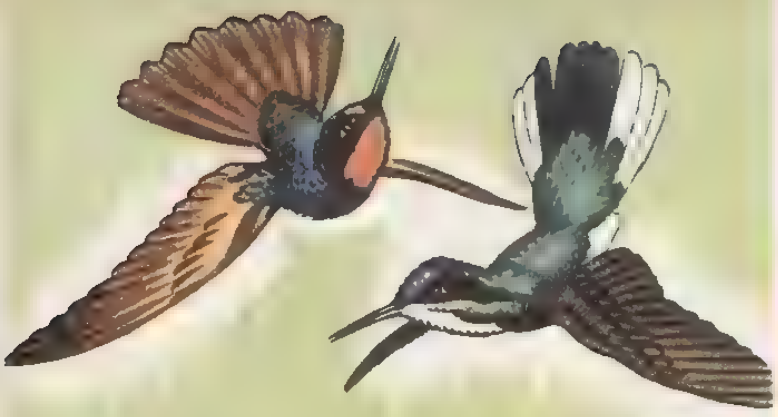
ABOUT 3450 years ago two red granite columns were erected in Egypt. One now stands on the Thames Embankment. In 1819 it was presented to the British Government, but was left lying in Alexandria for 58 years when a Mr. James Erasmus Wilson agreed to pay the expenses of transporting the obelisk to London.

A cylindrical ship was built round the column and it was launched into the Mediterranean. Cabins for the crew were added and the Cleopatra, as she was named, was taken in tow on Sept. 21st 1877.

In the Bay of Biscay a bad storm blew up and the Cleopatra was cast adrift. A British steamer found the derelict vessel and towed it into a Spanish harbour. A powerful paddle-tug was sent to tow the Cleopatra from Spain and on 21st January 1878 both vessels arrived at Gravesend.



Based on the Southern Independent Television Network Production



How does a hummingbird hum?

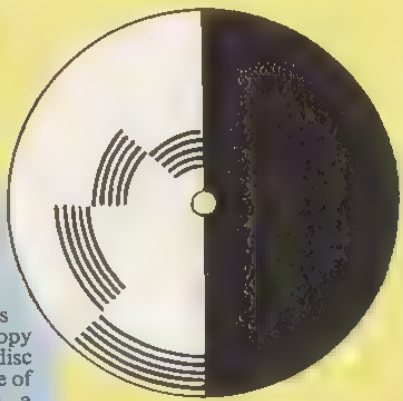
HUMMINGBIRDS are the only birds that can fly backward as gracefully as they fly forward. Another odd thing is that they can also rise vertically like helicopters. The leading feathers in each wing of the male tapers at the ends, leaving slots. When flying, air is forced through the slots, producing a high-pitched tone or hum – hence their name. This anatomy of their wings is quite unique.

How recording began

IT is less than 100 years ago that the first words were recorded. These were two lines of "Mary had a little lamb", the well known nursery rhyme, spoken with a strong American accent.

A young American inventor, Thomas A. Edison, had sketched a rough instrument similar to the one shown in the diagram above and told his assistant to make it. It was a crude machine, worked by hand, in which a steel needle connected to a mica diaphragm made marks on a tinfoil-covered cylinder as words were spoken into the funnel. But it worked, and so led the way to the high-class recordings of today.

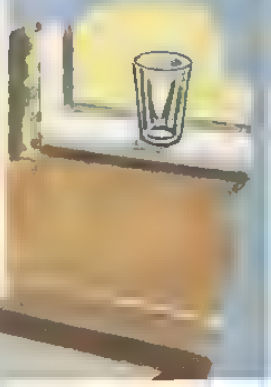
How to make colour



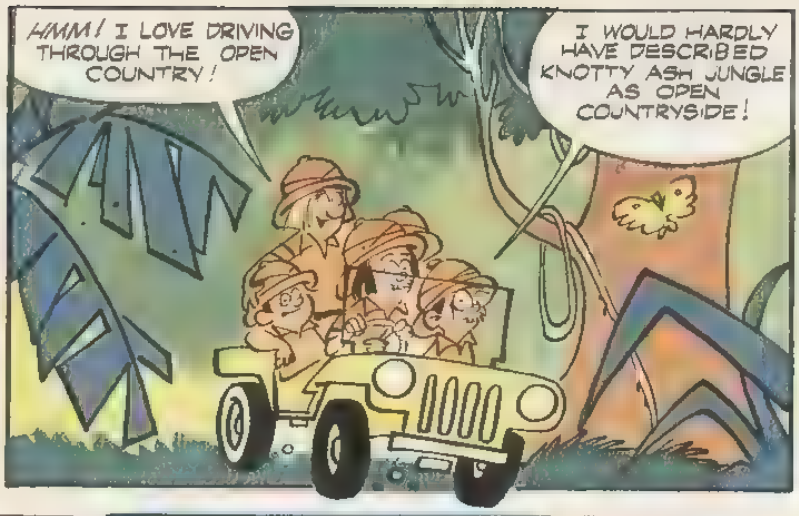
BLACK plus white makes colour. Scientists do not know why, but it is a fact. To prove it, copy the black and white disc at the right on a piece of stiff card and with a stump of pencil through the centre make it into a top. When spinning the circles will appear to be coloured, and if spun in the opposite direction other colours will appear.

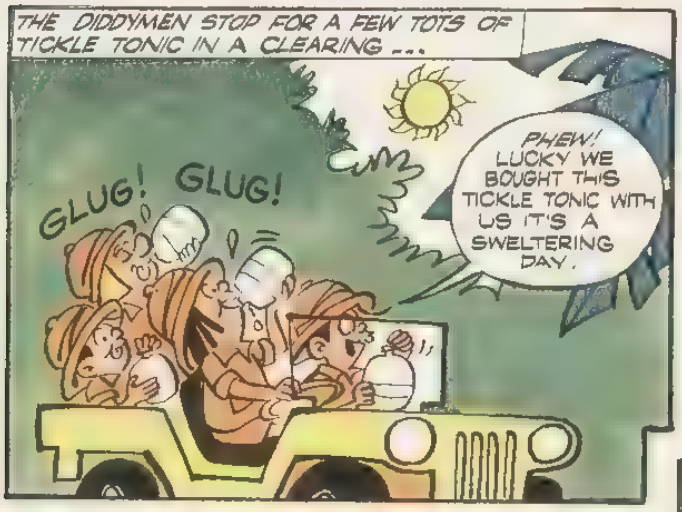
How to make a rainbow indoors

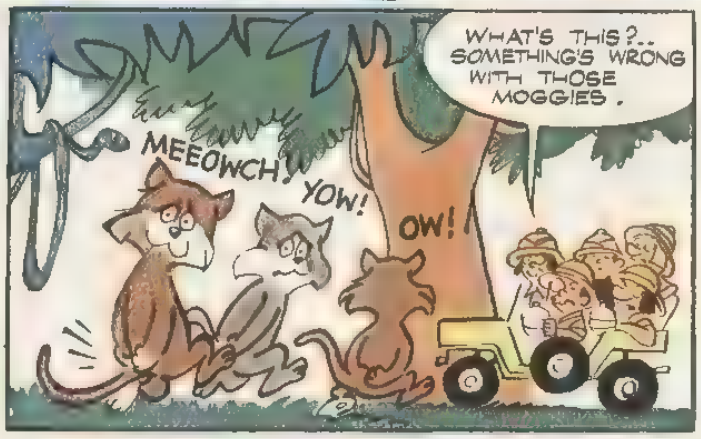
THE diagram shows how a raindrop changes the white light of the sun into the seven colours of the solar spectrum. Provided that the sun is shining, and there is a window on the sunny side of your house, you can make your own rainbow. Just put a glass of water on the windowledge inside the room, and a sheet of white paper on the floor as shown here.

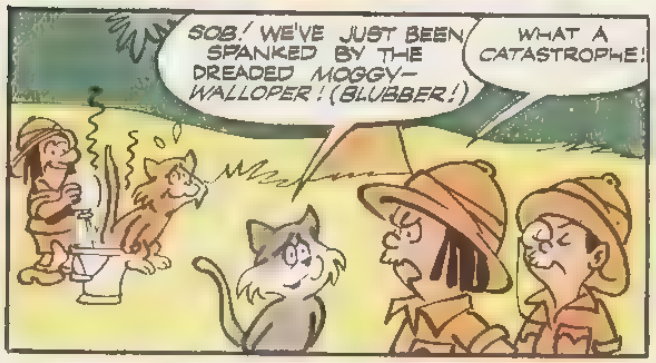


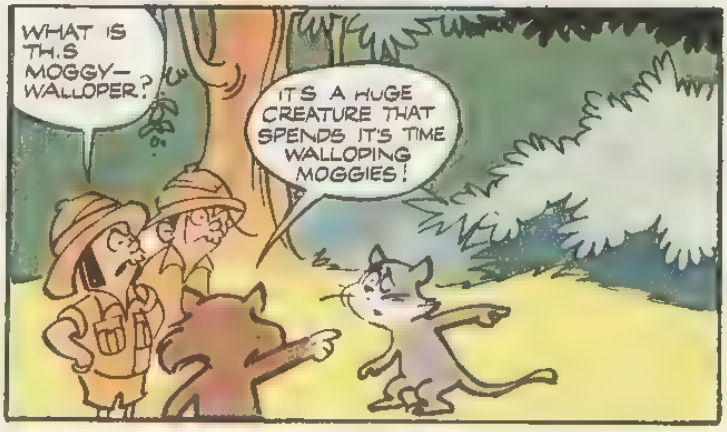
Ken Dodd's Diddymen

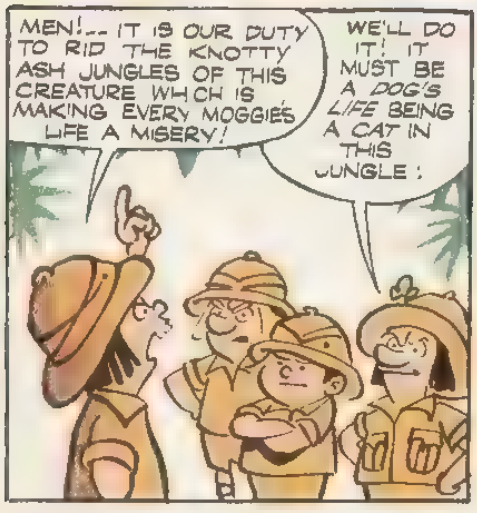


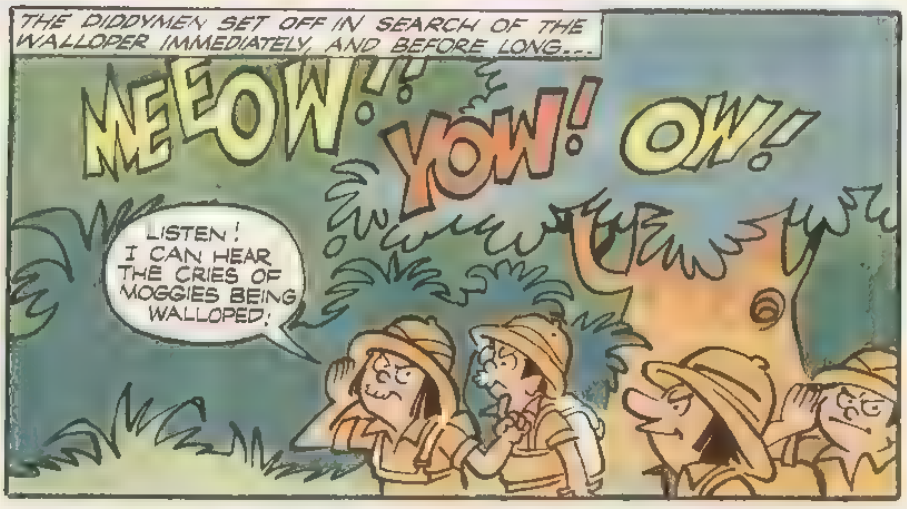

THE DIDDYMEN STOP FOR A FEW TOTS OF TICKLE TONIC IN A CLEARING ...
GLUG! GLUG!
PHEW! LUCKY WE BOUGHT THIS TICKLE TONIC WITH US IT'S A SWELTERING DAY.

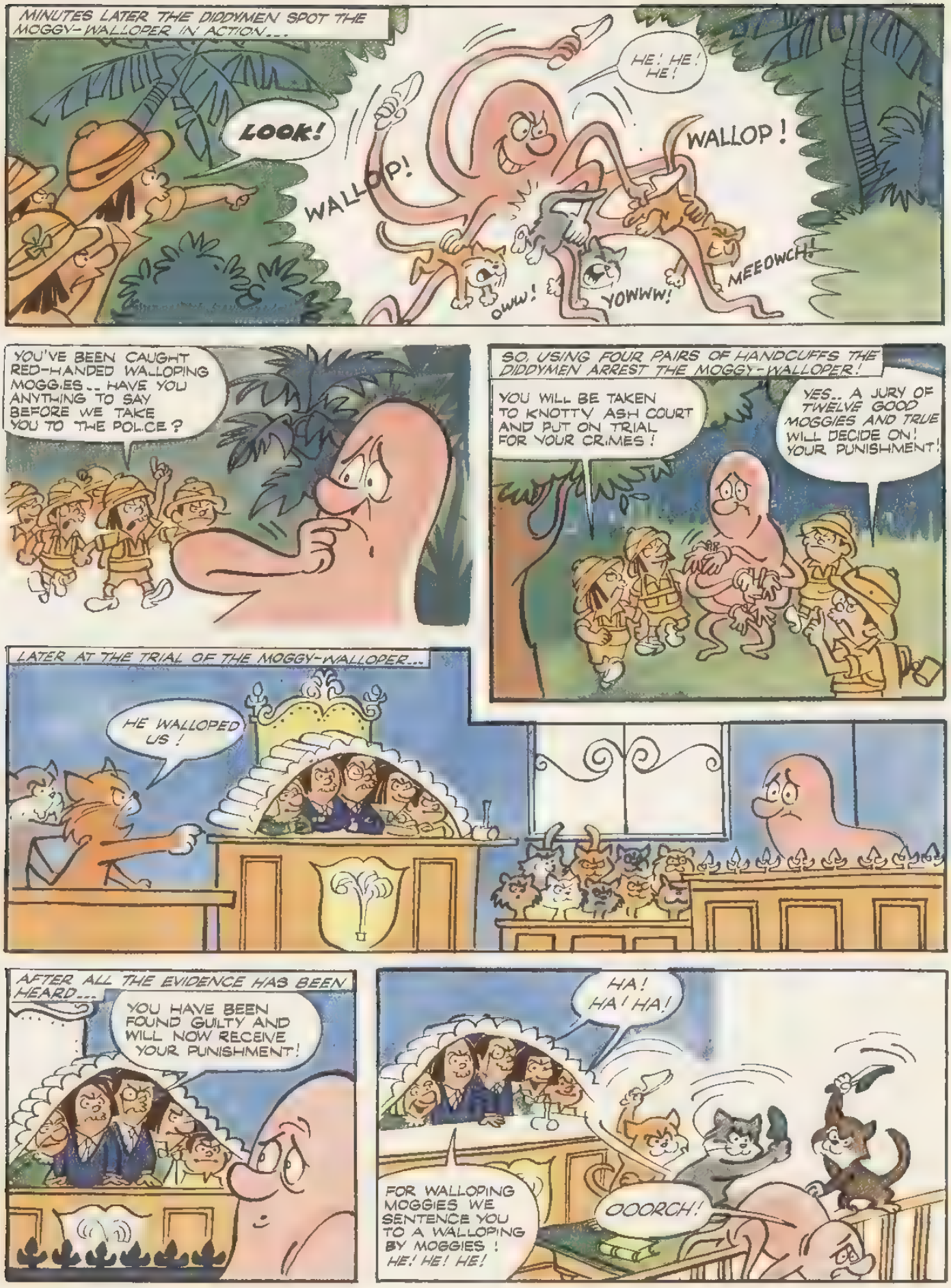







MEN!... IT IS OUR DUTY TO RID THE KNOTTY ASH JUNGLES OF THIS CREATURE WHICH IS MAKING EVERY MOGGIES LIFE A MISERY!
WE'LL DO IT! IT MUST BE A DOG'S LIFE BEING A CAT IN THIS JUNGLE!


THE DIDDYMEN SET OFF IN SEARCH OF THE WALLOPER IMMEDIATELY, AND BEFORE LONG...
MEEOW!
YOW!
OW!
LISTEN! I CAN HEAR THE CRIES OF MOGGIES BEING WALLOPED!


MINUTES LATER THE DIDDYMEN SPOT THE MOGGY-WALLOPER IN ACTION...
LOOK!
HE! HE! HE!
WALLOP!
WALLOP!
OWW!
YOWWW!
MEEOWCH!
YOU'VE BEEN CAUGHT RED-HANDED WALLOPING MOGGIES.. HAVE YOU ANYTHING TO SAY BEFORE WE TAKE YOU TO THE POLICE?
SO, USING FOUR PAIRS OF HANDCUFFS THE DIDDYMEN ARREST THE MOGGY-WALLOPER!
YOU WILL BE TAKEN TO KNOTTY ASH COURT AND PUT ON TRIAL FOR YOUR CRIMES!
YES.. A JURY OF TWELVE GOOD MOGGIES AND TRUE WILL DECIDE ON YOUR PUNISHMENT!
LATER AT THE TRIAL OF THE MOGGY-WALLOPER...
HE WALLOPED US!
AFTER ALL THE EVIDENCE HAS BEEN HEARD...
YOU HAVE BEEN FOUND GUILTY AND WILL NOW RECEIVE YOUR PUNISHMENT!
HA! HA! HA!
FOR WALLOPING MOGGIES WE SENTENCE YOU TO A WALLOPING BY MOGGIES! HE! HE! HE!
OOORCH!

Larry Harmon's
Laurel & Hardy
THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A NICE RIDE IN THE COUNTRY OLLIE.
OH, NO! THE CAR'S CONKING OUT.
PHUTT
SPLOT
KLUNK
AN HOUR LATER.
I CAN'T FIX IT... WE'LL HAVE TO CONTINUE ON FOOT!
IF YOU SAY SO, OLLIE!
SO..
PUFF, PANT! I CAN'T CARRY YOU MUCH FURTHER, OLLE.. YOU'RE MUCH TOO HEAVY FOR A WEAKLING LIKE ME!
YOU DON'T EXPECT ME TO WALK DO YOU!
LOOK. WE'LL DRAG THAT OLD TANDEM OUT OF THE DITCH AND USE IT.
ANYTHING WOULD BE BETTER THAN THIS PHEW!
WITHIN MINUTES THE CRAZY DUO ARE OFF AGAIN.
PUFF! GROAN! PEDAL A BIT HARDER, OLLIE. THIS HILL IS REALLY STEEP!
WHAT A RELIEF! WE'VE REACHED THE TOP!
EH? WHAT'S GOING ON? H-E-L-P!
EEYAAARGH! WE'RE OUT OF CONTROL.
WHOAH
TH-THAT SIGN SAYS TH-THERE'S A W-WILD BULL!
DANGER WILD BULL
KRUNCH

© 1968. Larry Harmon Pictures Corporation

DO SOMETHING OLLE. IT'S COMING AT US!
I CAN SEE THAT NIT!
SNORT! GRUNT!
OLE YOU HAVE MET YOUR MATCH, EL TORRO!
BULLY FOR YOU OLLE!
SNORT SNARG
I'M AFRAID I'VE LOST MY NERVE — AND MY COAT!
I THINK WE'RE ABOUT TO LOSE CONTACT WITH THE GROUND!
AH!
HELP!
SNORT!
AWK! WE SHOULD BE OKAY THIS SIDE OF THE HEDGE.
THUD
LET'S TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS PEACEFUL CORNFIELD
IT'S NICE TO BE OUT OF DANGER!
AARGH!
HELP! WHAT'S GOING ON?
A LITTLE LATER..
OOPH!
HMMF!
SO...
NOTHING LIKE A NICE PEACEFUL RIDE IN THE COUNTRY EH STANLEY! BAH!
NEXT TIME WE'LL GO FOR A NOISY STROLL IN THE CITY.. IT'S SAFER!

MIGHTY MOTH

PILLS

MY BEST SUIT RUINED! TAKE THAT!
OUCH!

NOW WHAT'S THE MATTER?
I FEEL ALL DIZZY- I'D BETTER GO TO THE DOCTOR!

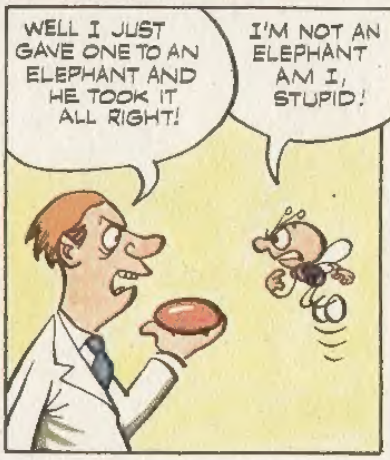
I'LL GO ALONG WITH HIM JUST FOR A LAUGH!

AT THE DOCTOR'S...
SORRY, I DON'T TREAT MOTHS! WHAT YOU NEED IS A VET!
HA! HA!

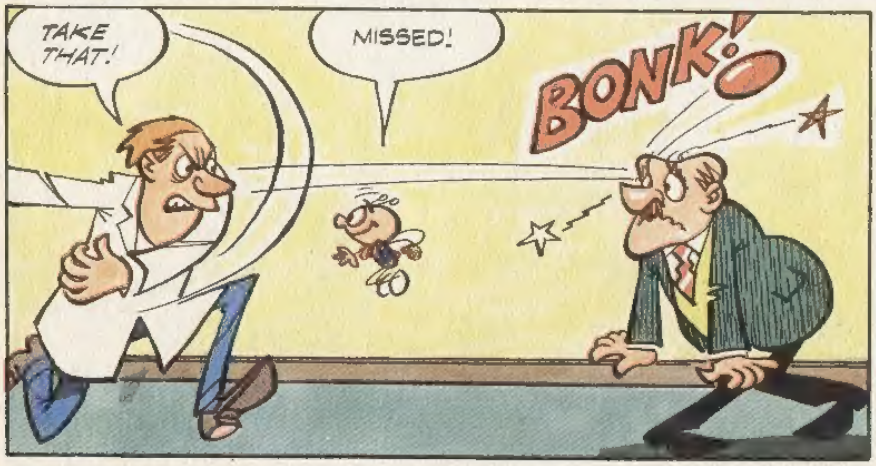
SO...
AH! HERE WE ARE!
ALFRED HOOF
VET

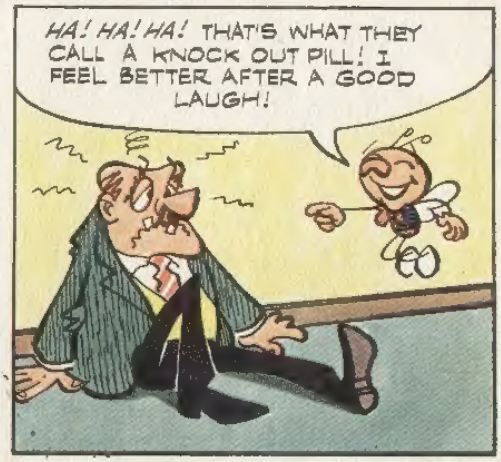
INSIDE...
SAY 'AH'!
AH!

HMM! YES. TAKE THIS PILL!
I CAN'T SWALLOW THAT! IT'S TOO BIG!


WELL I JUST GAVE ONE TO AN ELEPHANT AND HE TOOK IT ALL RIGHT!
I'M NOT AN ELEPHANT AM I, STUPID!

WHY YOU CHEEKY...


TAKE THAT!
MISSED!
BONK!


HA! HA! HA! THAT'S WHAT THEY CALL A KNOCK OUT PILL! I FEEL BETTER AFTER A GOOD LAUGH!

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Dick Millington

DIVING GAME
Here is a game for 2 or more players. All you need is a dice for scoring and coloured counters. You must throw a six to start.
home
1
2
33
32
31
SHARK AHEAD.... MOVE BACK TO NUMBER 20
MAKE DETOUR TO AVOID MINE... MISS 2 TURNS
7
6
5
3
4
DIVING GOES WELL.... MOVE ON TO EITHER 13 OR 15
30
29
8
28
9
27
10
26
STOP FOR REST.... MISS 2 TURNS
11
25
12
STOP TO AVOID SHARK.... MISS A TURN
24
13
14
23
15
OCTOPUS AHEAD MOVE ON TO NUMBER 24
16
17
18
19
20
21
22
INVESTIGATE WRECK.... MISS A TURN
FIGHT OCTOPUS.... GO BACK TO NUMBER 10